

NO. 1943
36

FEB.

PEEP



The SHIELD

COMICS

10¢

ARCHIE!—THE
BIRTH OF A NATION
PLUS



COMMANDO



BOYLE



DANNY IN
WONDERLAND



GENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YD.



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SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 15

I'D LIKE to make a suggestion.

These are troubled times. Our nation is at war with the Axis powers, fighting for existence and liberty. And from every family, young men have left their homes to join the fight—to do their bit with the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines.

These men operate under constant pressure and tension. They're fighting a fight to the death, and they need to relax mentally once in a while. You can help them do this.

You can help them with books. There's no greater weapon for the building of morale.

If you have a brother stationed out of the United States or in some far-off corner of the United States itself, chances are that there may be no library available to him. So, along with those cigarettes, and those cookies, and that sewing kit, send him a book. And tell him to pass it along to the other fellows in his company after he reads it.

And send him a book even if he isn't a great reader. The fellow who bunks next to him may enjoy reading.

Here are some suggestions on the kind of books you ought to send.

Funny novels go over big . . . books by authors like P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Benchley, S. J. Perelman, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Kober, and Irving D. Tressler. Adventure novels are well-liked . . . books by Robert Graves, Clements Ripley, Kenneth Roberts, Rafael Sabatini, and others. Fantasies like those by Jules Verne and Edgar Rice Burroughs are swell. Mysteries—detective stories of the type written by Ellery Queen, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, and Agatha Christie—are in great demand by men of the armed forces. And textbooks! Textbooks on radio, textbooks on mechanics . . . almost all kinds of textbooks are wanted.

And don't forget to send comic magazines!

Here's a point. If you haven't a brother in the forces, or even if you have, send books, too, to the USO. There's one in the large city nearest your home—and if you can't locate their address, your local public library will forward your books to them. The USO will see to it that your books are distributed among those fighting men who want and need them.

And if you don't have books of the kind described, send any kind of books. Different people have different tastes, and there are plenty of men who'll want to read the books you've had lying around your attic for years. Make up a package today.

That's a way you can do your share.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding letters this month from:

Lewis Lawrence
567 Park Avenue
New York City

John Hanley
412 Maple Street
Peoria, Illinois

Charles Spritman
35 Davis
Monte Vista, Colorado

Walter Permoda
5301 N. Central Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Rita Strane
1392-A Utah Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Ruth Shifren
32 Glenmore Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Melvin Robinson
Box 174
Drakesboro, Ky.

Harriet Staikel
2409 Creston Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

Anthony Donnamaria
97 High Street
Newark, N. J.

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

Ernest Moe
New Richmond, Wisconsin

Pat Mahlan
Hoagland, Indiana

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

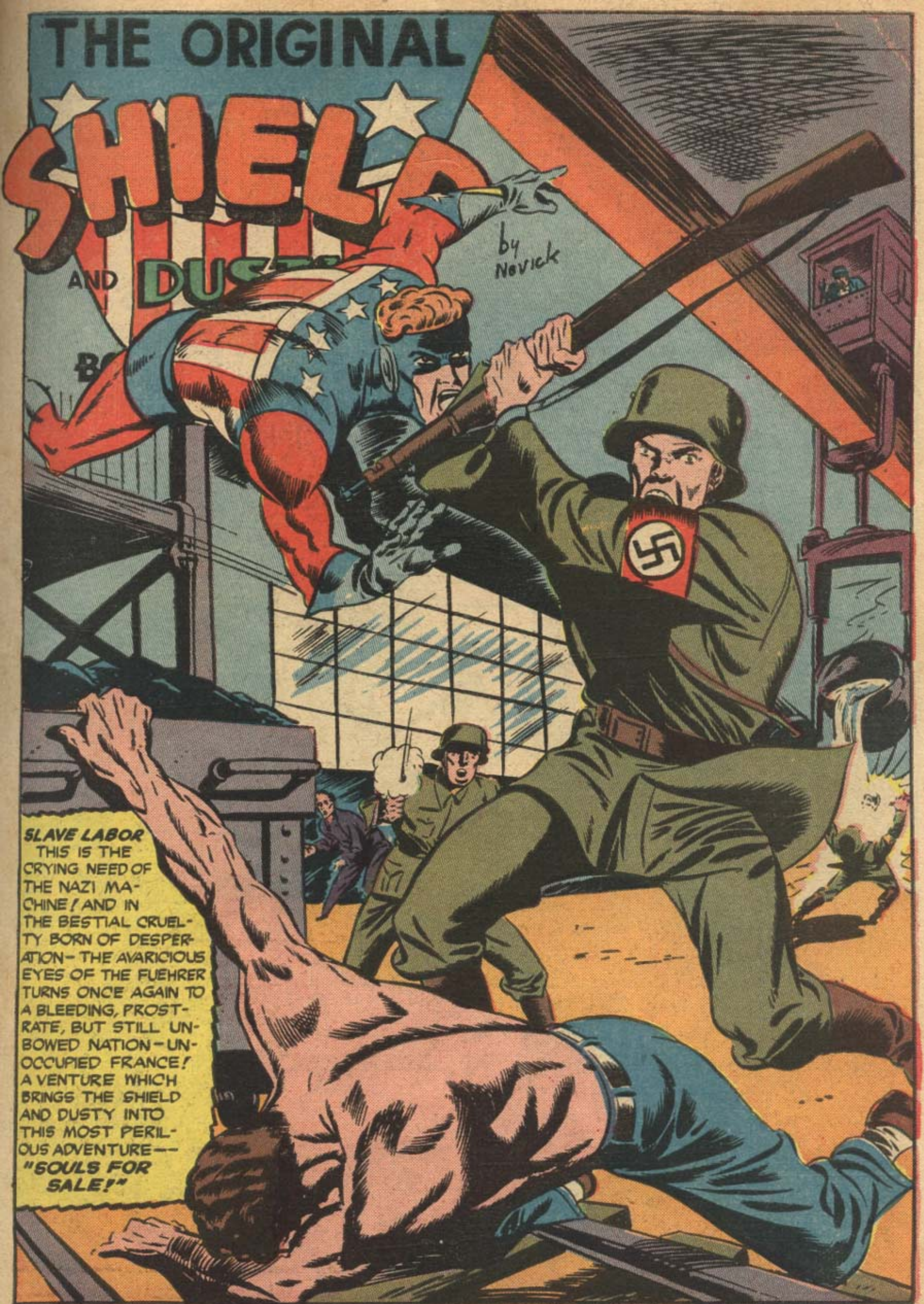


NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE



THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD

AND DUSTY

by
Novick

SLAVE LABOR
THIS IS THE
CRYING NEED OF
THE NAZI MA-
CHINE! AND IN
THE BESTIAL CRUEL-
TY BORN OF DESPERA-
TION—THE AVARICIOUS
EYES OF THE FUEHRER
TURNS ONCE AGAIN TO
A BLEEDING, PROST-
RATE, BUT STILL UN-
BOWED NATION—UN-
OCCUPIED FRANCE!
A VENTURE WHICH
BRINGS THE SHIELD
AND DUSTY INTO
THIS MOST PERIL-
OUS ADVENTURE—
"SOULS FOR
SALE!"

WE MUST HAVE MORE FRENCH WORKERS FOR OUR MUNITIONS FACTORIES! YOU HAV FAILED TO SUPPLY DEM, HERR LAYAL! I TINK MAYBE I LIQUIDATE YOU! MAYBE I LIQUIDATE ALL FRENCHMEN!

B--BUT-- I----

BAH, YOU ARE A NINCOMPOOP! VE GET DER VORKERS OURSELVES! MARSHAL KLOPP, YOU VILL TAKE CHARGE!

HELLO, GENERAL RICHTER? DIS IS MARSHAL KLOPP, I ORDER YOU TO GET YUN MILLION FRENCH VORKERS! YOU KNOW DER PENALTY IF YOU FAIL!

Y-YES, MARSHAL, HEIL HITLER!

SCHULTZ, YOU DOPE, I APPOINT YOU HEAD OF DER CAMPAIGN TO GET FRENCH VORKERS FOR DER REICH! DONT YOU DARE TO MAKE ANY MISTAKES!

FRITZ, I HAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU! IF YOU FAIL I----

YA, CAPTAIN SCHULTZ!

SCHULTZ! I WANT YOU TO DO IT!

YES, GENERAL! (GULP)

HEIL HIT-- OOF!

MR. SECRETARY, I HAVE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

HOOVER CALLS IN JOE HIGGINS---

JOE, I'M SENDING YOU ON A SECRET MISSION TO VICHY! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO LOCATE THERIOT AND GET HIM OUT OF FRANCE!

MEANWHILE AT THE FBI. OFFICE IN WASHINGTON-- HOOVER, THE NAZIS ARE HOLDING THERIOT PRISONER BECAUSE HE THREATENED TO EXPOSE THEIR PLANS TO ENSLAVE FRENCH LABOR! IF WE CAN GET HIM OUT OF FRANCE THEIR ENTIRE SCHEME WILL COLLAPSE!

YOU WILL POSE AS CARL KLUG, A NAZI AGENT WE JUST CAPTURED! HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME TO DO MY BEST, MR. HOOVER!

LATER AS JOE HIGGINS

GOSH, JOE, YOU AREN'T GOING WITHOUT ME, ARE YOU?

I'M AFRAID SO, DUSTY!

THIS IS A SECRET ASSIGNMENT AND A VERY **DANGEROUS** ONE! I COULDN'T LET YOU TAKE THE RISK!

A WARSHIP SPEEDS JOE HIGGINS TO LONDON, WHERE ONE MOONLESS NIGHT HE BOARDS A GLIDER AND IS TOWED OVER FRANCE---

NEAR VICHY, THE GLIDER IS CUT LOOSE--- IT DESCENDS SILENTLY---

SURE HOPE NO ONE SAW ME LAND!

THEN, WHEN JOE REACHES THE CITY---

I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME! MAYBE THIS DISGUISE ISN'T AS GOOD AS I THOUGHT IT WAS!



I'LL JUST DUCK
AROUND THIS
CORNER!

AND THROUGH
THIS REVOLVING
DOOR!

HE'S STILL ON MY TRAIL!
THIS FELLOW'S SURE HARD TO
SHAKE OFF! I'LL TRY THAT
STORE OVER THERE!

AH, JUST
THE THING! THIS
STORE HAS A
BACK DOOR!

I'LL GRAB HIM
WHEN HE
COMES
OUT!

GOT YA!
AND NOW,
MISTER, LET'S
SEE WHO YOU
ARE!

GREAT SCOTT!

HIYA, JOE! THOUGHT YOU
COULD LEAVE ME BEHIND,
DID YOU?

DUSTY! HOW ON
EARTH DID YOU
GET HERE?

WHY, IT WAS
SIMPLE! ALL I
DID WAS ----

SUDDENLY---

NEVER MIND THE EXPLANATIONS
NOW, DUSTY! THOSE NAZIS ARE
WATCHING US! I THINK WE'D BETTER
START MOVING!

VAIT! VOT IS DER MEANING
OF DOT NON-ARYAN
UNIFORM?

TAKE DOT BOY TO
HEADQUARTERS FOR
QUESTIONING!

I'VE GOT TO GET DUSTY
OUT OF THIS! THAT FRUIT
STAND GIVES ME AN
IDEA!

STEALTHILY, JOE CROOKS
HIS UMBRELLA AROUND A
LEG OF THE FRUIT STAND-

AND---

DUSTY BEGINS
TO RUN----

I HOPE
THOSE
NAZIS LIKE
FRUIT!

STOP
DOT
BOY!

AFTER
HIM,
QUICK!

THIS UMBRELLA SURE
TURNED OUT TO BE
A BIG HELP!

DIS IS VHY
I HATE
BANANAS!

YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE
FOR DIS! I ARREST
YOU INSTEAD OF DER
BOY!

SACRÉ BLEU—
MY BEEOUTIFUL
FRUIT, SHE IS
ALL SMASH!

LATER AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS—

GENERAL, I HAVE
CAUGHT AN ENEMY
OF DER THIRD
REICH!

NONSENSE!
I AM CARL KLUG,
HERR HIMMLER'S
SPECIAL
AGENT!

WHERE IS YOUR
IDENTIFICATION,
HERR KLUG?

WHY, THAT'S
FUNNY— IT'S
MISSING! I
MUST HAVE
DROPPED
IT!

GREAT WORK,
SCHULTZ! HE HAS
NO IDENTIFICATION!
HE MUST BE A SPY!

I T'INK MAYBE
I VILL BE
PROMOTED!

EXCUSE,
PLEASE! I
FIND THESE
PAPERS!



ACH HIMMEL! SCHULTZ, YOU DOPE! DIS MAN IS HERR KLUG! APOLOGIZE AT VUNCE!

BUT, MY FRUIT, SHE IS RUIN!

EXCUSE ME HERR KLUG! I MADE A MISTAKE! AND HOW IS YOUR COLLEAGUE, HERR BLOCK?

WHO? HERR B-- BLOCK? OH, HE IS FINE!

AHA! I HAF CAUGHT HIM NOW! DERE IS NO HERR BLOCK! I CHUST MADE IT UP!

BUT, DUSTY HAS BEEN LISTENING AT THE WINDOW----

HE SPRINTS ACROSS THE STREET TO A PHONE-----

OPERATOR, CONNECT ME WITH GENERAL RITTER AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS, HURRY, URGENT!



CLEVER VORK, SCHULTZ! MAYBE I VILL PROMOTE YOU, AFTER ALL! I ALWAYS SAID YOU VERE A SMART FELLOW!

HELLO! WHO IS CALLING? HERR BLOCK! FROM HIMMLER'S OFFICE! YOU VANT TO KNOW HOW IS YOUR FRIEND, CARL KLUG? OH-H-H/HE IS FINE! OH SURE, I VILL TREAT HIM *VERY* NICE!



SCHULTZ!!!

YOU BUNGLER! DIS IS DER
LAST STRAW. I ORDER
YOU TO ARREST YOURSELF!

I AM SO SORRY,
HERR KLUG. I WILL
BE DELIGHTED TO
HELP YOU.

OH, THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, GENERAL,
NO HARD FEELINGS.

I'LL EVEN TELL YOU THAT
HERR HIMMLER SENT ME
ON A SPECIAL MISSION TO
DEAL WITH AN ENEMY
OF THE THIRD REICH.

I WAS ON MY WAY
TO INTERVIEW AND, AHM...
"CONVINCE", THERIOT---

HAW! HAW!
CONVINCE HIM! I
UNDERSTAND. THERIOT
IS AT DER ESTATE,
ISN'T HE?

W-WHY, YES, THAT'S
RIGHT, AT THE ESTATE.

I TAKE YOU DERE,
MYSELF. IT WILL
BE A PLEASURE!

WELL - LOOKS LIKE THE SHIELD IS
DOING SOME TRAVELLING - I COULD
STAND A CHANGE OF SCENERY
MYSELF.

HAW! HAW! YOU KNOW
HOW TO HANDLE DER
FUEHRER'S ENEMIES,
DON'T YOU, HERR KLUG?

LIEUTENANT, THIS IS MY GOOD
FRIEND, CARL KLUG,
FROM HIMMLER'S
OFFICE.

**HEIL
HITLER!**

MY ORDERS ARE TO SPEAK TO HIM
ALONE, LIEUTENANT, AND CONVINCE
HIM OF HIS MISTAKE IN OPPOSING
THE FUEHRER. I WILL USE MY OWN
METHODS.

HAW! HAW! SPECIAL
TREATMENT, EH,
HERR KLUG?

HE IS IN DIS ROOM, HERR KLUG. NO ONE WILL INTERFERE WITH YOUR TREATMENT GUARD, YOU ARE DISMISSED.

OH YES, LIEUTENANT, HERR KLUG IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE.

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL, I AM EXPECTING A CALL FROM HERR HIMMLER.

YES, HERR HIMMLER, WE GUARD THERIOT VERY CAREFULLY. HERR KLUG IS TALKING TO HIM NOW.

VOT!!

HERR KLUG WAS CAPTURED IN AMERICA LAST WEEK?

HIMMEL! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED!

NOW LISTEN, CAREFULLY, M'SIEUR THERIOT, I AM THE SHIELD, SENT BY THE AMERICAN F.B.I. TO RESCUE YOU!

BON DIEU! YOU ARE JOKING!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, AMERICAN SCHWEIN!

OH, OH... HERE COME A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO DON'T LIKE MY BRAND OF JOKES—BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS.

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF THE CAMOUFLAGE NOW!!

I'M STILL TAKING YOU OUT OF HERE, THERIOT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

AND THIS IS AS
GOOD A WAY AS
ANY!

OR DON'T YOU
BOYS AGREE
WITH ME?

WHAM

SMACK

NOW'S OUR
CHANCE, THERIOT,
LET'S GO!

THEES EES
MADNESS,
M'SIEUR SHIELD.
WE CANNOT ESCAPE,
BUT I DO AS YOU
SAY!

DUSTY!
WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?

SO, I'M THE GUY
YOU COULDN'T USE ON
THIS TRIP, EH, SHIELD?
PARDON ME, WHILE I
GIVE YOU THE HORSE-
LAUGH-- HAW! HAW!

STOP AT THAT HOUSE!
I HAVE FRIENDS THERE
WHO WILL HELP US.

HERE COME THE
NAZIS, SHIELD,
RIGHT BEHIND US.



M'SIEUR THERIOT...
YOU HAVE
ESCAPED!

YES, FRANCHOT,
BUT NOT FOR
LONG UNLESS YOU
HELP US. THE NAZIS
ARE AT OUR HEELS.

SAY NO MORE,
M'SIEUR. FOLLOW
ME. I HAVE A SPEED-
BOAT IN READINESS
FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES

DIABLE! THE NAZI PEEGS
ARE CLOSE. KEEP GOING
M'SIEURS. I'LL HOLD THEM
OFF!!

BANG
BANG

VIVE LA FRANCE.

HERE IT IS... THE SPEEDBOAT!!
HURRY! HOP IN!

NEXT STOP ENGLAND!! I
FEEL PRETTY BAD ABOUT
FRANCHOT! IF ONLY I...

DON'T, M'SIEUR SHIELD-
HE DIED AS HE WISHED,
AND AS I WOULD WISH,
IN THE SERVICE OF HIS
COUNTRY.

AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, FROM BBC---

---AND SO, MY COUNTRYMEN, I TELL YOU **RESIST!** RESIST WITH YOUR LAST DROP OF BLOOD! THE NAZI BANDITS, WHO KNOW NO LAWS, STOP AT NOTHING TO GAIN THEIR ENDS - YES, EVEN TO **KID-NAPPING THEIR SLAVE LABOR FROM FREE FRANCE**



AND FROM A SECRET RADIO STATION IN FRANCE-----

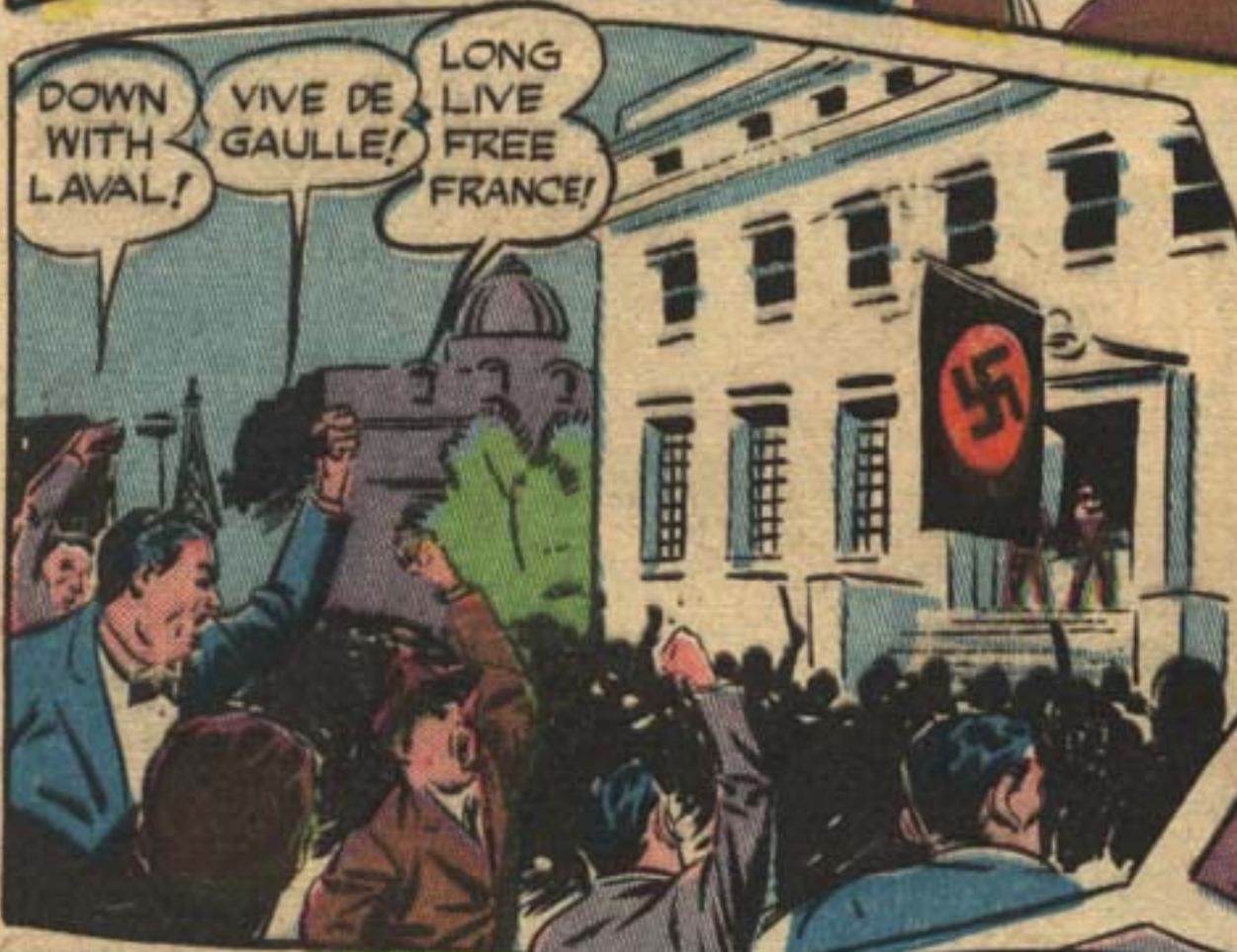
FREE FRENCHMEN, EVERYWHERE! LET YOURSELVES BE HEARD AT ONCE! YOU HAVE HEARD M'SIEUR THERIOT! RESIST THE NAZI CRIMINALS! **RESIST!**



THE "UNDERGROUND" ISSUES LEAFLETS-----

FREE FRANCE
RESIST, FRENCHMEN!
STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST HITLER AND HIS AGENT, LAVAL!
DEMONSTRATE TOMORROW IN FRONT OF NAZI HEADQUARTERS AGAINST SLAVE LABOR!

DOWN WITH LAVAL!
VIVE DE GAULLE!
LONG LIVE FREE FRANCE!



INSIDE---

SCHULTZ, DIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

HEIL HIT---
OW!



THE MARSHAL CALLS----

GENERAL KLOPP, I DEMOTE YOU! YOU WILL BE LIQUIDATED AT ONCE!

MARSHAL, YOU ARE FIRED! RETURN AT ONCE YOUR 723 MEDALS AND YOUR 129 UNIFORMS!

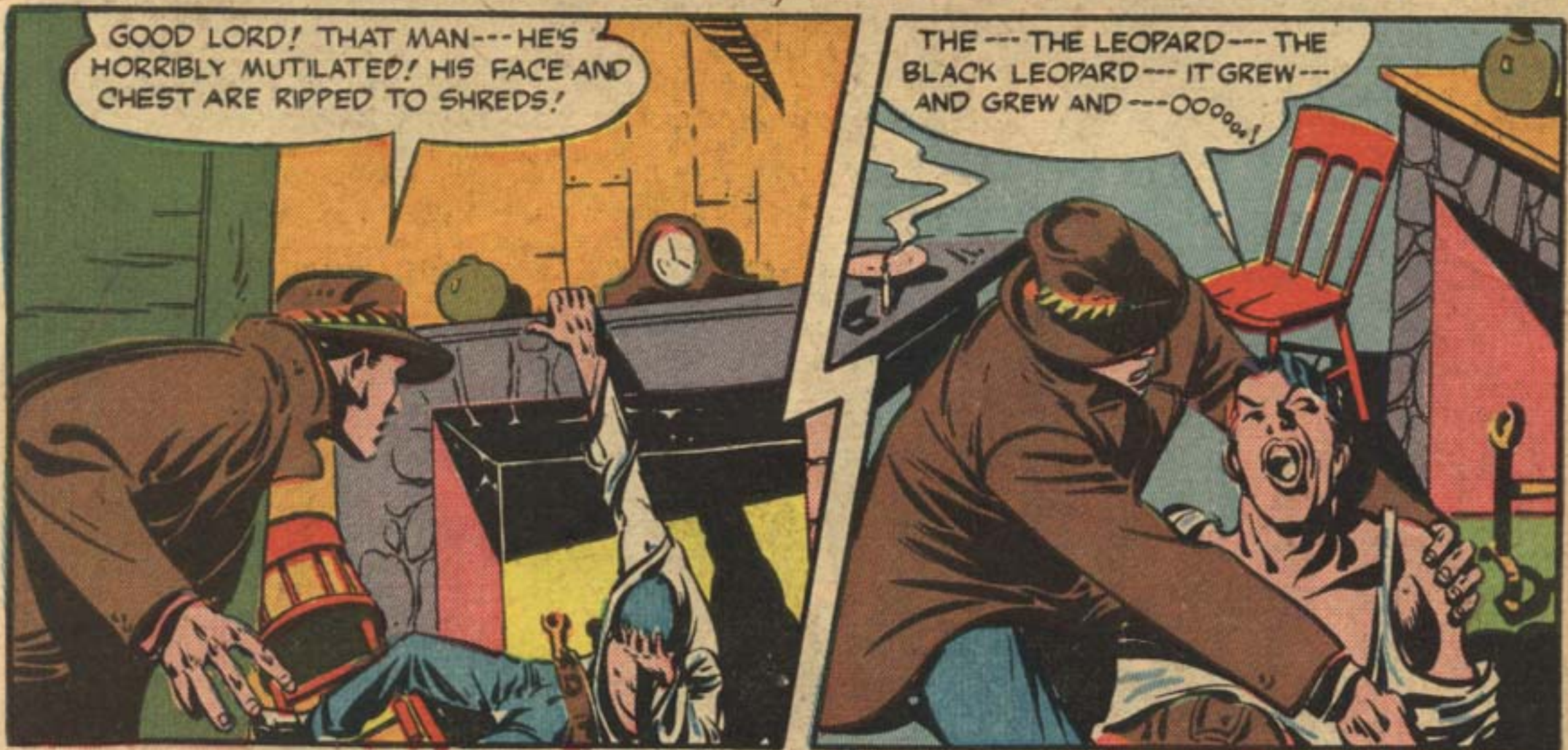
I THINK I BETTER PRACTISE MY PAINTING! MIT SUCH DUMBKOPFS AROUND ME! SOON MAYBE, I NEED A NEW JOB!



HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS? IT'S ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!



IT WAS ONLY A FIGURINE. A STATUETTE OF A LEOPARD TRANSPORTED FROM THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF THE DARK CONTINENT—AFRICA! BUT IN ITS WAKE IT LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND DEATH! A TRAIL TAKEN UP BY **THE HANGMAN!** A TRAIL WHICH PROMISED TO LEAD HIM TO THE SAME FATAL END AS THE OTHERS WHO SOUGHT OUT ITS SECRET, -----
"THE SECRET OF THE LEOPARD'S CURSE"



HMM--- THAT'S STRANGE! JUST BEFORE THAT POOR FELLOW DIED, HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A LEOPARD! AND HIS WOUNDS LOOK LIKE CLAW MARKS! I WONDER---

I'LL CALL THE POLICE, BOB!

SOME TIME LATER---
OH, IT'S YOU, DICKERING! YOU'RE ALWAYS STUMBLING INTO MURDERS SOMEHOW! WHO IS IT THIS TIME?

HELLO, CHIEF! I HAVEN'T YET HAD TIME TO IDENTIFY HIM!

IN FACT I'M NOT EVEN SURE HE WAS **MURDERED**. HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH!

AND WE FOUND THIS STATUE OF A LEOPARD---

YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TELL ME THIS STATUE KILLED HIM, ARE YOU? BE YOUR AGE, WILL YA, AND LEAVE THE DETECTIN' TO GUYS WHO GET PAID FOR IT!

JUST THEN, A FIGURE, UNNOTICED, ENTERS THE ROOM, AND ---

EXCUSE ME, OFFICER, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT LEOPARD!

SAY! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU COME TO BE HERE?

I AM DR. GREW, EXPLORER! I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS LEOPARD AND ITS HISTORY---AND A VERY WEIRD ONE IT IS, I CAN ASSURE YOU---THAT IS, IF THE LEOPARD IS GENUINE!

YOU SEE THE VICTIM VISITED ME A SHORT WHILE AGO AND WISHED TO CONSULT ME ABOUT THE LEOPARD WHICH HE HAD---ER--- FOUND! I PROMISED I WOULD DROP IN ON HIM AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!

UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS TOO LATE, BUT IF I COULD TAKE THE LEOPARD WITH ME AND STUDY IT, PERHAPS I WILL CLEAN UP THE MYSTERY!

HMM---OKAY--GO AHEAD AND TAKE IT!

HO HUM - WELL I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE PAPER WITH THIS STORY! GOOD NIGHT, BOB!

GUESS I'LL GO HOME AND TURN IN MYSELF - (YAWN) - GOOD NIGHT!

I'LL JUST WAIT TILL BOB'S GONE AND THEN I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR DR. GREW'S HOME!

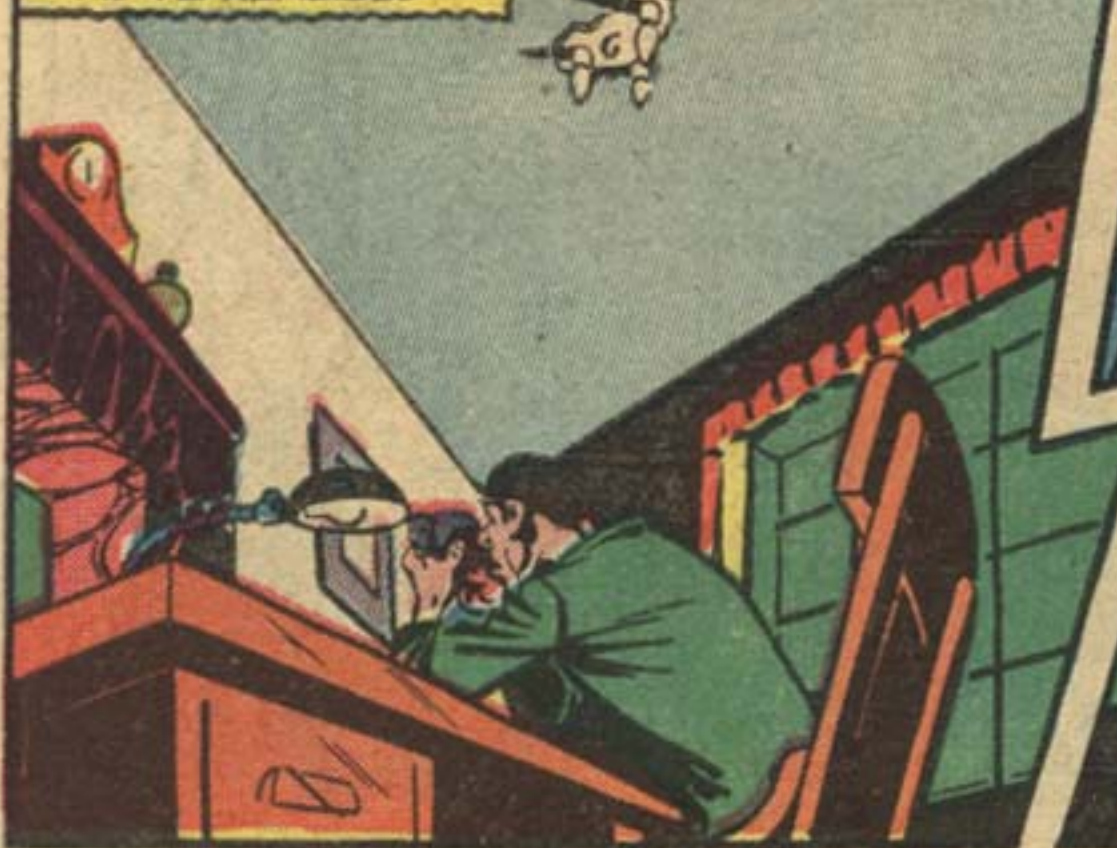
I'LL JUST DUCK INTO THIS ALLEY TILL THELMA IS GONE!

IN THE ALLEY, BOB QUICKLY DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND EMERGES AS **THE HANG-MAN!**



MEANWHILE, IN HIS LABORATORY, DR. GREW STUDIES THE LEOPARD WITH RISING EXCITEMENT! THE PERSPIRATION SUDDENLY BEGINS TO STREAM FROM HIS PORES AND HIS FACE GOES DEAD WHITE AS HE REALIZES ---

--- BY THE LORD HARRY! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S THE SACRED LEOPARD OF THE LEOPARD TRIBE!



IT--- IT'S BREATHING FLAME AND SMOKE! I MUST GET OUT OF THIS ROOM! I--- I---



MY GOD!---THE LEOPARD----IT'S GROWING!---NO--NO--I MUST BE GOING MAD! IT CAN'T BE!

OW WRRRR

IT'S A MONSTER!
HELP! HELP!

ROARRRR

AT THIS MOMENT----
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE
LABORATORY! DR. GREW MUST
BE STUDYING THAT LEOPARD!

HELP!

WHAT'S THAT? A
CRY FOR HELP! DR.
GREW MUST BE
IN DANGER!

AAEEEEEE

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO DR. GREW?

HE'S BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH!
ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE LEOPARD!

THIS IS GETTING MORE SERIOUS
EVERY MOMENT! THAT LEOPARD
IS DEADLY--- WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?

SOMEONE'S PROWLING ABOUT! I'LL JUST TURN OFF THESE LIGHTS!



SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS AND A SHADOWY FIGURE ENTERS THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE ROOM---



--- AND THROUGH THE DARKNESS GOES THE CAPED FIGURE OF THE HANGMAN HURTLING AT THE INTRUDER ---

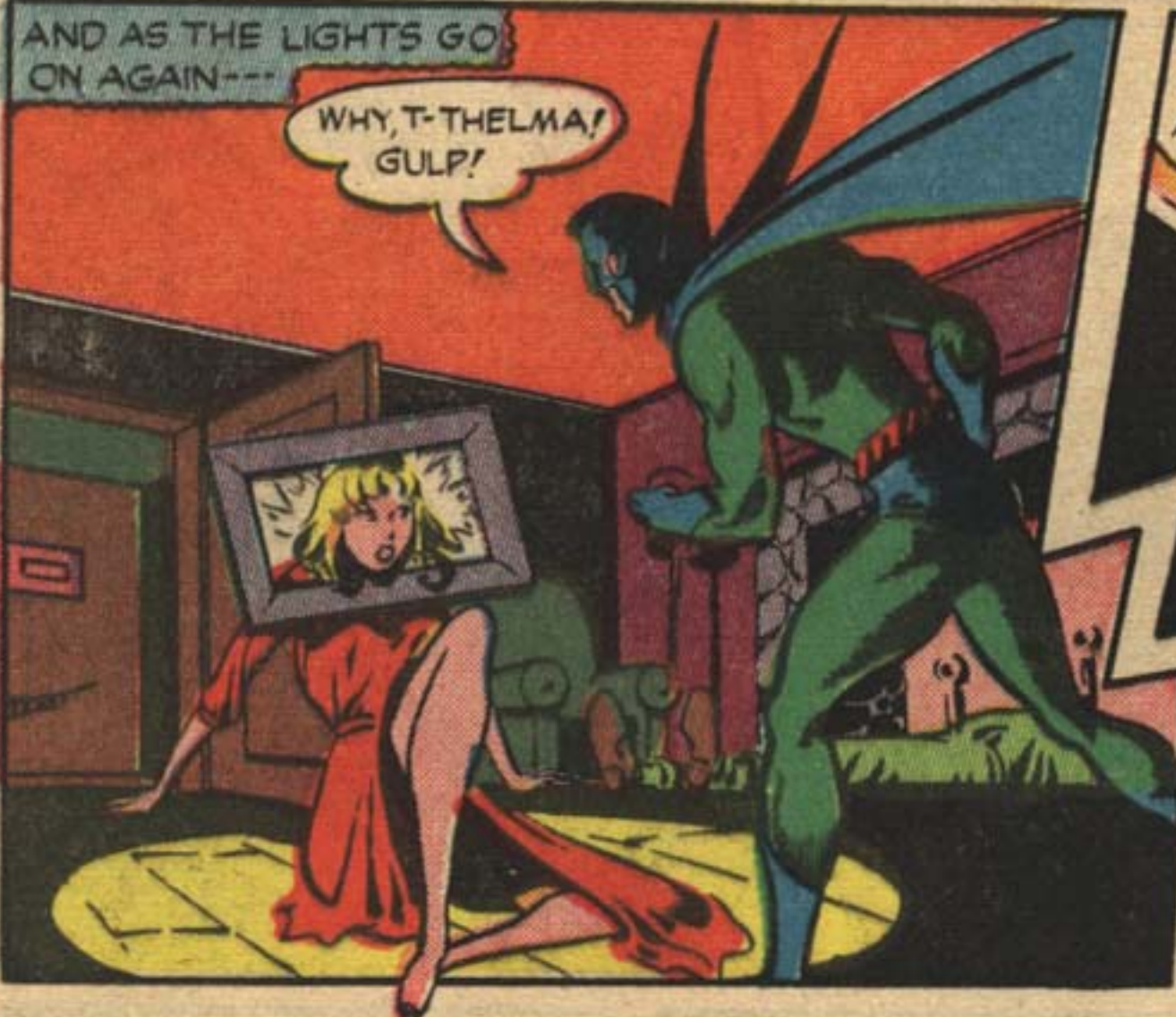
GOT YOU!

EEEEEEEE!

CRASH!

AND AS THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN---

WHY, T-THELMA! GULP!



YOU CAD! STRIKING A LADY!

BUT, THELMA, YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING BACK TO YOUR OFFICE!



AND YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING HOME--
EEEEK-- WHO'S THAT?



IT'S DR GREW--OR RATHER WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! HE'S BEEN TERRIBLY MAULED AND THE LEOPARD IS GONE!



THIS IS BAFFLING! FIRST A STATUE COMES TO LIFE AND KILLS TWO MEN--AND THEN IT DISAPPEARS!



AND SO FAR NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO HELP FIND THE MURDERER--- IF THERE IS A MURDERER!

HANGMAN! WHAT'S THAT SMOULDERING IN THE FIRE-PLACE?

IT'S A NOTE OF SOME KIND, BUT IT'S PRETTY BADLY CHARRED!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS MAY PROVE TO BE AN IMPORTANT CLUE, THELMA! LET'S TAKE IT BACK TO MY LABORATORY!

I'LL PHOTOGRAPH THAT CHARRED PIECE OF PAPER WITH THIS SPECIAL INFRA-RED APPARATUS!

THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW IF THERE WAS ANY WRITING AT ALL ON THAT PAPER MY CAMERA WILL HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED IT! I'LL PUT THE NEGATIVE INTO THE DEVELOPING SOLUTION AND WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

ALFRED HARDING---
HMM--- HE'S ALSO AN EXPLORER, ISN'T HE, THEL?

WHY, YES! RECENTLY RETURNED FROM AN AFRICAN EXPLORATION, AS A MATTER OF FACT!

I'M GOING TO PAY MR. HARDING A CALL--ALONE, AND THIS TIME I MEAN **POSITIVELY!**

Alfred Harding
Exchange 4711

IN HIS HOME ALFRED HARDING IS INTENTLY STUDYING THE DEADLY STATUETTE---

YES, THIS IS THE *TRUE* STATUETTE, ALL RIGHT! THE IDOL OF THE SAVAGE LEOPARD TRIBE!



SUDDENLY HIS FACE BLANCHES WITH FEAR, AS THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS APPEARS

THE...THE HANGMAN!



YES, HARDING, MAYBE *YOUR HANG-MAN*, UNLESS YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW YOU COME TO HAVE THAT LEOPARD!



WHY, IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, I ASSURE YOU! DR. GREW CALLED ME ON THE PHONE A WHILE AGO TO CONSULT ME ON ITS GENUINENESS!



WHEN I GOT THERE GREW WAS DEAD—KILLED BY THE CURSE OF THE BLACK LEOPARD! I TOOK IT WITH ME!

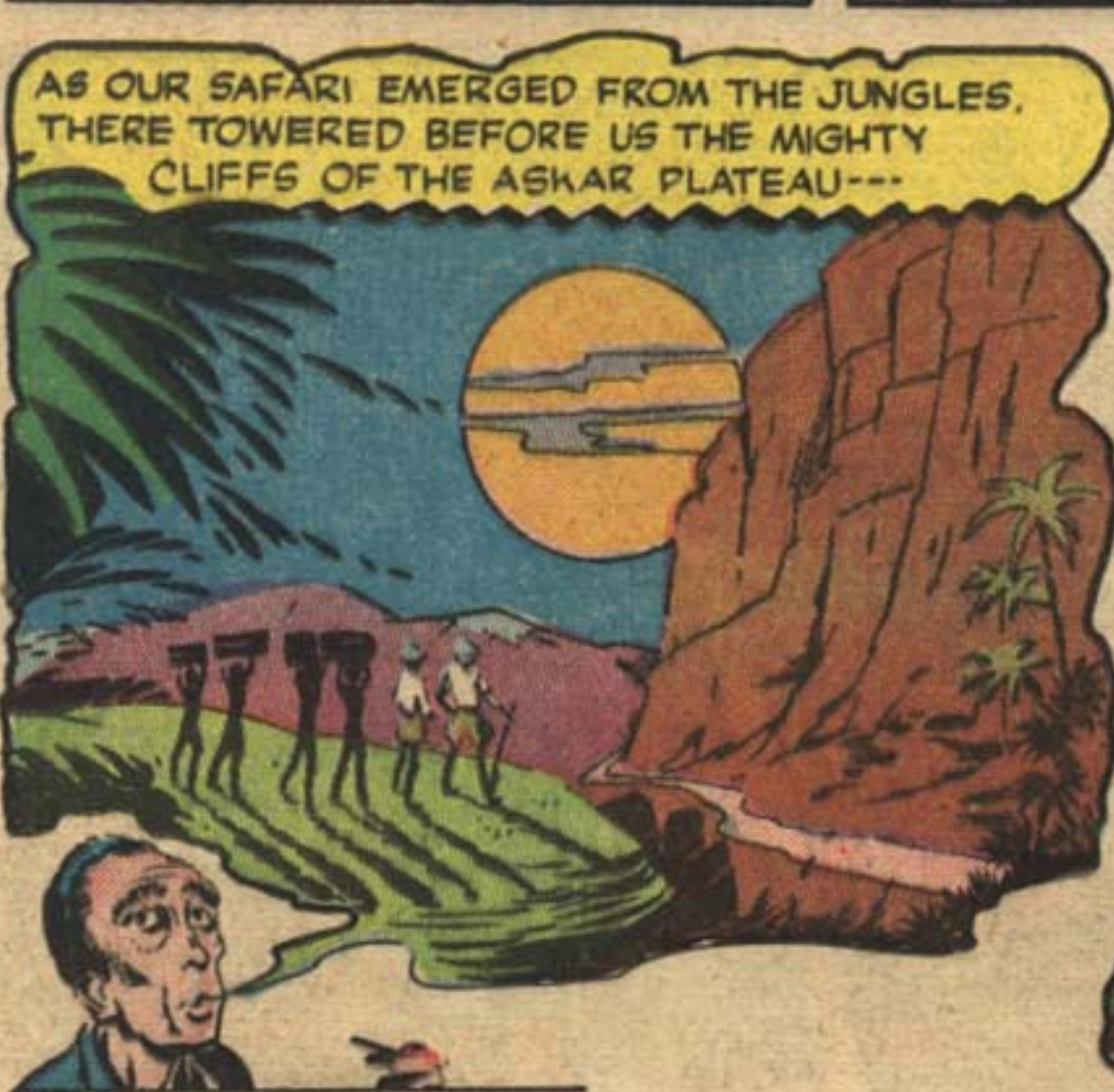
WHY?



BECAUSE I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING IT TO THIS COUNTRY, AND I'M DETERMINED TO BRING THE CURSED THING BACK! YOU SEE IT ALL STARTED WHEN I AND DR. ROBERT DAVIS, THE ARCHAEOLOGIST, WENT ON AN EXPLORING TRIP INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLES!



AS OUR SAFARI EMERGED FROM THE JUNGLES, THERE TOWERED BEFORE US THE MIGHTY CLIFFS OF THE ASKAR PLATEAU---



OUR NATIVE BEARERS TREMBLED WITH FEAR AND REFUSED TO GO A STEP FARTHER---

JU, JU! BE-WITCHED, WE NO GO!

IT IS THE LAND OF THE LEOPARD DEVILS!



THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO
BUT GO ON ALONE----

HOUR AFTER HOUR WE
FOUGHT OUR WAY UP.
ONE FALSE STEP
MEANT SUDDEN
DEATH----

LET'S TURN BACK, DAVIS!
I HAVE A FOREBODING OF
MISFORTUNE! THERE'S
SOMETHING WEIRD AND
EVIL ABOUT THIS
PLATEAU!

DON'T
BE A
FOOL,
HARDING!

THAT
NIGHT WE
REACHED
THE TOP!

NEXT MORNING----

LOOK OUT, DAVIS! THERE'S A
LEOPARD ON THAT BRANCH! HE'S
GOING TO SPRING!

I QUICKLY RAISED MY RIFLE AND FIRED POINT
BLANK AT THE HURTLING BEAST! I WAS TOO CLOSE
TO MISS----

STAND BACK, DAVIS! I
GOT HIM!

BANG!!

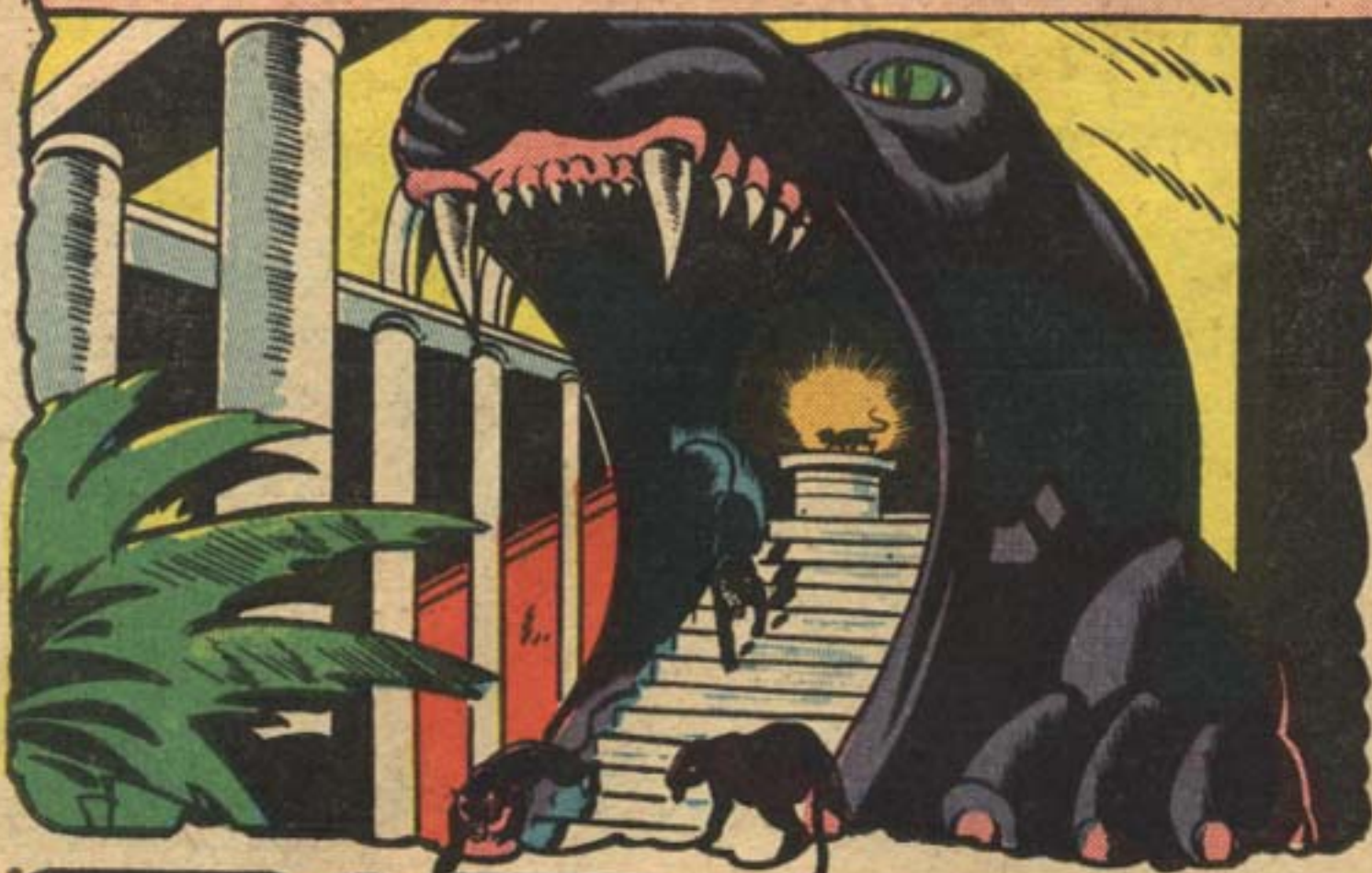
THAT'S STRANGE, NOT A
SIGN OF ANYTHING, BUT
I'M POSITIVE I HIT HIM! IT
WAS POINT BLANK RANGE!

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, HARDING, DON'T
BE SO JUMPY! YOU'RE
SEEING THINGS!

LATER----

GREAT SCOTT! DAVIS, COME HERE!
QUICK! AM I DREAMING OR IS THAT
REALLY-----

A SIGHT OF AWESOME SPLendor GREETED MY EYES! A BLACK LEOPARD TEMPLE, AND FEROCIOUS LEOPARDS GUARDING AN ALTER ON WHICH STOOD----



A BLAZING STATUETTE--A STONE FIGURE SO MAGNETIC THAT IT SEEMED TO BE ALIVE!



THAT STATUE! I MUST HAVE IT! LOOK AT THOSE FLAMING EYES-- HUGE DIAMONDS-- THEY MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

NO, NO! DAVIS, YOU'RE MAD! LET'S TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BUT DAVIS WAS BEYOND REASONING THAT NIGHT! WE BOTH APPROACHED STEALTHILY--

THOSE WILD LEOPARDS-- THEY'RE COMING AT ME-- THEY'LL TEAR ME TO PIECES!



THEY'VE STOPPED! IT MUST BE THIS STATUE I'M HOLDING! THEY WON'T HARM ME AS LONG AS IT'S IN MY POSSESSION! HARDING IS RIGHT, PERHAPS! THOSE LEOPARDS SEEM TO BE NEARLY HUMAN!

LATER THAT NIGHT, DAVIS WAS EXAMINING THE LEOPARD BY THE FIRE, WHEN---

THE STATUE-- IT'S ALIVE-- IT'S GROWING--GROWING!





I FLED FROM THAT SPOT AS THOUGH PURSUED BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF! I ALMOST PERISHED IN THOSE SWAMPS, BUT NOTHING COULD MAKE ME STAY NEAR THAT CURSED LEOPARD----



SOMEHOW I ESCAPED! I NEVER SAW THAT STATUE AGAIN TILL DR. GREW CALLED ME FOR CONSULTATION TONIGHT! HE KNEW I HAD BEEN TO THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!



HOW IT CAME HERE I DO NOT KNOW, BUT MY CONSCIENCE WILL NOT REST EASY TIL I RETURN IT WHERE IT BELONGS!



HMM--A VERY STRANGE STORY/MIND IF I EXAMINE THIS STATUE?

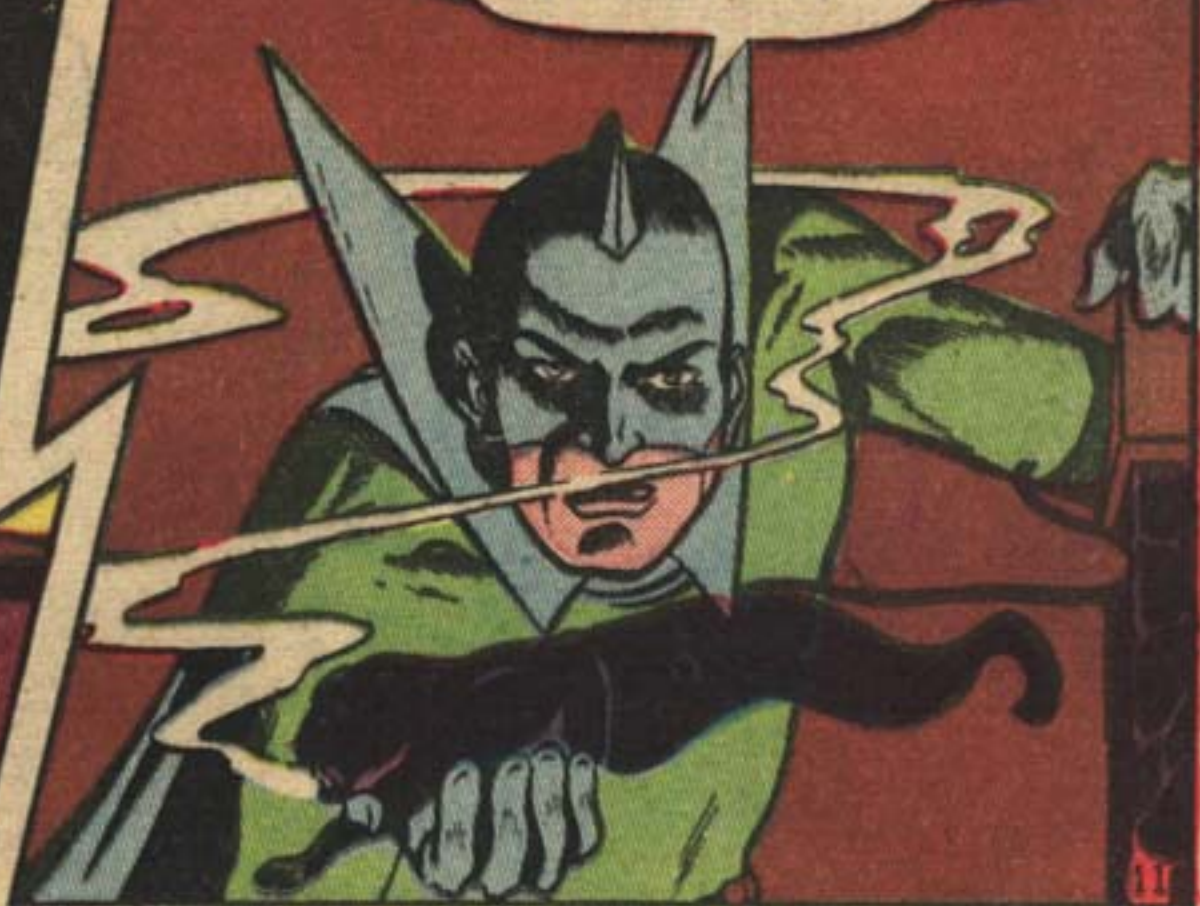
AS THE HANGMANGOES OVER TO THE FIREPLACE TO EXAMINE THE STATUE, HIS KEEN EYES NOTICE---



THOSE CLAWS! THEY CONFIRM MY ORIGINAL HUNCH! **HARDING** YOU ARE THE MURDERER AFTER ALL!



JUST THEN --- FUMES COMING FROM THE STATUE-- CAN'T BREATHE-- GETTING WEAK!



IT'S ALIVE—
SPRINGING
AT ME!



BUT SUDDENLY, A SHOT
RINGS OUT----



HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THAT
WASN'T A LEOPARD THAT ATTACKED
YOU! IT WAS HARDING— HE HAD
METAL CLAWS ON HIS HANDS!



I'M OKAY NOW!
JUST A
LITTLE
DIZZY!

I SEE IT ALL NOW! THOSE FUMES WERE A
HYPNOTIC DRUG, VAPORIZED BY THE HEAT OF
THE FIRE! THE VICTIM WAS HYPNOTIZED INTO
THINKING THE LEOPARD
WAS ALIVE AND
GROWING!



HARDING COMMITTED THOSE
MURDERS TO GET THAT LEOPARD--
AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET
HARDING!



THERE
HE
GOES!



ALL RIGHT HARDING, I'M CALL-
ING THE TURNS FROM HERE
ON!



YOU WERE VERY CLEVER
NOTICING THOSE CLAWS, HANG-
MAN! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU
HOW I USE THEM!





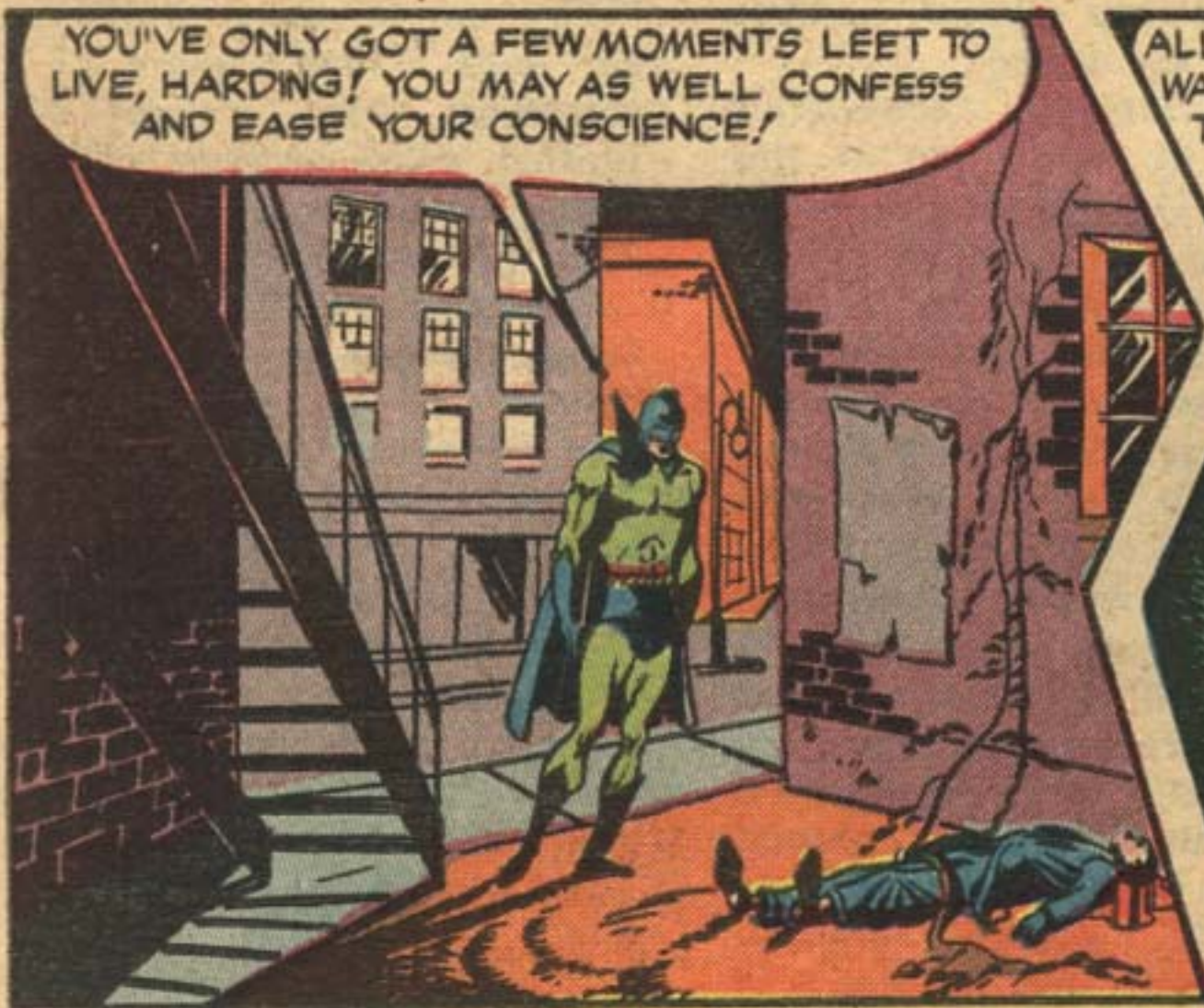
YOU'LL NEVER PUT A NOOSE AROUND MY NECK, HANG-MAN!



THE VINE—IT'S TEARING AWAY FROM THE WALL—I'M SLIPPING!



THE LOOSE VINE WHIPS ABOUT—A QUICK WRENCH—AND HARDING'S NECK IS BROKEN!



YOU'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MOMENTS LEFT TO LIVE, HARDING! YOU MAY AS WELL CONFESS AND EASE YOUR CONSCIENCE!



ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN, THE STORY I TOLD YOU WAS TRUE, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS I WHO STOLE THAT STATUE, NOT DAVIS! I KILLED HIM WHEN HE TRIED TO STOP ME! KILLED HIM THE WAY I KILLED THE OTHERS!



WHEN I STAGGERED INTO A TOWN HALF DEAD, THE STATUETTE WAS STOLEN FROM ME BY A BEACH COMBER! I TRACED HIM HERE AND—UHHHHHHH

HE'S DEAD!



MURDER AND BLOOD ALL BECAUSE OF MAN'S AGE-OLD CURSE—GREED! AND THE IRONY IS THAT THE LEOPARD'S EYES ARE NOT EVEN DIAMONDS—



THEY'RE **GLASS!** MURDERERS AND CRIMINALS, WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT INEVITABLY YOU FACE YOUR **HANGMAN?**

The End (13)

BOOKS DON'T BLEED

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THE Hangman walked briskly up to the door and knocked. When it was opened he said, "How do you do? I'm—"

The girl who had opened the door smiled up at him. "—The Hangman," she finished "Naturally. It's easy enough to recognize you in your uniform."

The Hangman followed her down a long hall and into a wide living room. Two girls, both very young, and a big, wide-shouldered man were waiting there for him. The Hangman was introduced all around.

"Look," The Hangman said, "how about explaining this to me? I came here because Thelma asked me to come, but I'm not quite sure as to what you want me to do."

Janice Lane, the young lady who'd opened the door, answered the question. "It's very simple," she said. "Vivian, Mildred and I are criminology students. We're studying the various methods of detecting crime, and as one of this country's most famous crimefighters, we realized that you'd be able to give us quite a few pointers. So, since I know Thelma Gordon slightly, and since I've heard about her connection with you, I asked her to ask you to help us out."

"That's right, Hangman," the man cut in. "I came here to see Janice's father about some store matter—I'm Mike O'Leary, chief detective in Mr. Lane's downtown department store—and he's out somewhere. While I've been waiting for his return, the girls have thrown a million questions at me."

The Hangman smiled. "Well," he said, "I doubt if I'll make a very good teacher."

"You're just modest," Janice said. "Tell us, Hangman, what methods do you use in solving murders?"

The Hangman held up a

hand. "Easy there," he said. "It's not as simple as all that. Different murders, committed in different ways, require different methods of detection." He thought for a moment. "But if you want a generalization," he continued, "I can say this much. If you wish to solve a murder committed by a clever criminal—look for the little things."

Janice's eyes were large. "How do you mean little things?" she asked.

The Hangman considered. "Well," he said, "put it this way. In a crime of passion or rage, committed in an unpremeditated fashion by a man or woman who until that moment had been non-criminal, you can generally pin the crime on him or her by some large mistake he or she made. Something like leaving fingerprints on a gun, or committing the crime with a weapon which could be traced—something big, and rather foolish." He paused. "But with the clever criminal, the man with the twisted mind who plans his crime carefully, goes over it step by step, you've got to look for the little clues. You've got to be literally like Sherlock Holmes, careful to examine every cigar ash, every little thing which may lead to a solution."

Janice smiled. "Oh," she scoffed. "you're not going to try to make us believe that you work in the Sherlock Holmes fashion, are you?"

The Hangman smiled back at her. "You needn't scoff," he said. "I may not use Sherlock Holmes methods to the extent the fictional detective did—for the purposes of fiction, the author exaggerated—but believe me that looking for the little things is the basic tenet in crime detection. Occasionally it's

something you see—occasionally it's something you see—but let one little item not fit into a smooth pattern, and the good detective will immediately focus on that item and see why it doesn't fit."

And then, suddenly, The Hangman stopped speaking and stared at a door across the room. "That closet," he said tensely, "when did you last open it?"

The smile left Janice's face. "Why, not for days, probably," she said. "That's more of a storeroom than a closet. My brother, who's away at college, keeps all his books there. Why do you ask?"

"Books don't bleed," said The Hangman, and pulled the door open.

A body tumbled out.

Janice stared at the body and screamed, piercingly. "It's my father," she said.

The Hangman bent down and examined Lane's body. A paper-knife protruded from Lane's chest, and blood had rushed plentifully from the wound. Lane was still warm, but very much dead.

The Hangman stood up and grasped Janice's shoulders. "Look," he said tightly, "don't go hysterical on me. You wanted to learn about crime, and some murderer's brought it right to your front door. If you want the murderer to escape punishment, keep yowling. If you want me to get to work on this, calm down and let me ask you a few questions. I understand the shock, and I sympathize—but calm down!"

Janice took her hands away from her eyes. "All right," she said tiredly, "I'll calm down. What do you want to know?"

The Hangman looked over and noticed with grim amusement that both Janice's friends, the future criminologists, had fainted. "Do you recognize the

knife?" he asked.

Janice stared at the knife and turned away, shuddering. "Yes—yes, I recognize it. It's my father's."

"Where does your father keep it?" The Hangman asked.

"My father kept it on the desk in his study," Janice said.

"I see what you're getting at. Anybody who visited my father once or twice at his study would know that the knife was kept there."

"All right," The Hangman said. "And now—how about enemies? Did your father have any enemies?"

"No," Janice said. "Everyone in business liked him." She hesitated. "Of course . . . No. No, he had no enemies."

"You started to say something," The Hangman said. "What was it?"

"It's really nothing," Janice said. "My father occasionally backed a play—the theatre was his hobby. Sometimes he fired performers for drinking and things like that . . . and he had arguments with them. There was one man—I didn't get his name—who came here a few times and was positively abusive. My father finally had to throw him out."

"I see," said The Hangman. "I'll work on that later." He turned to Mike O'Leary. "Now I want to ask you a few questions."

"Me?" said O'Leary. "Listen, Hangman . . ."

"Relax," said the Hangman. "This is routine. I was just wondering what you came here to see Lane about."

"It wouldn't interest you," O'Leary said. "I just wanted to see him about some routine shoplifting stuff."

"Let me judge what'll interest me," The Hangman said. "Was it your practice always to consult Lane about routine matters?"

O'Leary shook his head. "No. Just on shoplifting matters. We been having so much of it lately at the store that Mr. Lane asked me to keep him informed of every new development."

"What was this new develop-

ment?"

"Well," said O'Leary, "it was pretty usual stuff, but I thought Mr. Lane would like to know about it anyhow. I was cruising around the store about two hours ago when I spotted some dame lifting underclothes and stuff off the counters and slipping 'em into her coat. Well, I followed her around for a while, just to make sure I wasn't mistaken. Finally she saw me watching her, and just when she was about to ditch the stuff out one of the fire exits between the fourth and fifth floors I grabbed her. She's down at headquarters now."

The Hangman smiled. "All right, brother," he said. "It's all over."

O'Leary moved back, and his face contorted with terror as the shadow of a noose fell across his features. "What—what are you talkin' about?" he whimpered.

The Hangman took hold of his collar and pushed him against the wall. "You can drop the O'Leary act now," he said. "It's all over."

"You're crazy," the man said. "I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?" The Hangman said. He reached forward and rubbed his hand along the other man's face. Grease-paint smudges appeared on his gloves. "You're not O'Leary. You're that actor Janice was just talking about. You hated Lane, and you worked up this scheme to kill him."

The Hangman's eyes were cold. "Stop snivelling, rat," he said. "Your plan's backfired, and that's all there is to it. You certainly planned it carefully. You studied the real O'Leary and made up like him. Then you came here and made sure that you arrived when Lane was alone. When he let you in as O'Leary, you killed him and stuffed him in that closet. Then—and here was the cleverest part of your scheme—you came back later, again as O'Leary, but this time when Janice and her friends were here. You came back at a time you knew the real O'Leary

would be travelling home by subway alone, so that he had no alibi. You planned to stick around a while, then leave, telling Janice to tell her father about that shoplifter. Then while the police checked and found that no shoplifter had been arrested, they'd suspect O'Leary—thinking he had told Janice that shoplifter story just as an excuse to enter the house—possibly to destroy some evidence. . . ."

Suddenly with the desperation of a cornered rat, the fake O'Leary kicked out. His foot caught The Hangman on the leg and threw him to the floor. With a cry of triumph, the actor leaped forward.

But The Hangman wasn't there any longer. He had slid quickly to the side . . . and as the actor leaped, his left fist moved upward with the speed and impact force of an express train. There was a sharp crack, and the actor went bye-bye.

The Hangman took a deep breath. "There's your murderer," he said.

Janice looked bewildered. "But, Hangman," she said. "I—I don't understand. How did you know he wasn't really O'Leary?"

"O'Leary, being the chief of detectives at your father's store, would know his business," The Hangman said. He smiled. "I knew this guy was a phony because of one of those little things I was telling you about. You see, in the story the phony told me, he said that he'd arrested some woman for shoplifting when she tried to ditch the stuff she stole in an exit between the fourth and fifth floors. That means the arrest would have been made in the building."

The Hangman walked to the phone to call the police. "A rudimentary knowledge of law helps a crime fighter, too," he remarked. "You see, the law says that even if a person lifts a dozen items off a counter without telling the salesgirl—it still isn't shoplifting unless the items are taken out of the store!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

OF THE COMES, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1942.

State of New York

County of New York

I, the undersigned, being a resident of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the above publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 1103, Federal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form.

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LOUIS H. SILBERSTEIN
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1942. Maurice Cohen, City Comptroller.

Approved March 30, 1944. (SEAL)



DESERT WARFARE - SCENE OF MEN FIGHTING IN TORRID TEMPERATURE - FIGHTING NOT ALONE AGAINST THE MORTAL FORCES OF THE NAZIS, BUT THE IMMORTAL HEAT OF THE SUN! AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS TAKE THEIR PLACE ALONGSIDE THE COMMANDOS OF THE DESERT TO CONQUER THE FORMIDABLE FORTRESS OF GENERAL ROMMEL - THE FORTRESS KNOWN AS -

"THE PYRAMID PILLBOX"

DON'T LET THE HEAT GET YOU, KID --- HERE, TAKE A SLUG OF MY WATER!

IM THIRSTY!
YEAH --- THIRSTY ---
THIRSTY ! ---
THIR-S-T-Y!

KID!
COME BACK ---

NO! FIRST
I'M GONNA
TEAR THE SUN
OUT OF THE SKY
AND DROWN IT ---

WHILE ON AN-
OTHER PART
OF THE EARTH'S
SURFACE--A FOUN-
TAIN OF WATER RUNS
OVER THE BODIES OF
LANGUID LADES...

SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT
FOR ME TO BE ENJOYING
MYSELF AT YOUR PARTY,
JOHN, WITH SO MUCH WAR
AND SUFFERING ---

NOW, NOW!
NO WAR TALK, JUDY!
AWFULLY BORING, DON'T
YOU KNOW?

BORING---
JOHN GRAYSON,
HOW CAN YOU SAY
SUCH A THING,
WHEN ----

WAIT A
MINUTE,
JUDY!
LET'S
LISTEN!

CAIRO -- SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT
NEAR TOBRUK, A VALIANT BRITISH
AND AMERICAN ARMY HAVE BEEN
REPULSED FOR A THIRD TIME / GEN-
ERAL WRIGHT REPORTS THAT THE
LACK OF WATER AND THE UNBEAR-
ABLE HEAT ARE LOSING THE WAR
OF THE DESERT FOR THE ALLIES!
ROMMEL'S SOURCE OF SUPPLIES IS
STILL SECRET ----

STAND BY FOR
A SPECIAL
ANNOUNCEMENT!



DID YOU HEAR *THAT*, JOHN GRAYSON! IRONICAL, ISN'T IT? THOUSANDS OF BOYS DYING FOR A LITTLE WATER, WHILE YOU ---

WHOA! NOW DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL HEATED UP, JUDY---

HERE---MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF---

WHY, YOU --- YOU--- YOU LOATHESOME UNPATRIOTIC---



TAKE A LONG DRINK, YOU DRIP! I'M LEAVING---



WHEW --- I CARRIED THAT A LITTLE TOO FAR! WHAT A GIRL ---



CALLING STATION W2XY3, CALLING BILLY GRAYSON --- CAPTAIN COMMANDO CALLING! COME IN W2XY3!



THIS IS W2XY3 --- BILLY GRAYSON SPEAKING FOR THE BOY SOLDIERS! COME IN, CAPTAIN COMMANDO

BOY-O-BOY, NOW FOR SOME ACTION! I'M TIRED OF SCHOOL!



COMMANDO ORDER OF THE DAY! **STAND BY FOR ACTION!** PLACE: TOBRUK! OBJECTIVE: ROMMEL! REPORT IMMEDIATELY AT COMMANDO AIRPORT!

LATER IN THE STUDY OF JOHN GRAYSON---

THAT NIGHT---A PERFECT TAKE OFF AND THE SKY TENANTS A GIANT PLANE SPEEDING TOWARDS A DESTINATION DEFINITELY KNOWN!



WE'RE IN FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF FIGHTING, LADS! NO HIDING PLACES, NO FRIENDLY PEOPLE TO POINT THE WAY-- IT'S JUST MAN-TO-MAN OPEN DESERT WARFARE! ARE YOU GAME?



DESERT WARFARE? LEAD ME TO IT! I WAS BRUNG UP IN THE DESERTS OF CANARISIE!



CIRCLING OVER THE DESERT COMMANDO S'CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED AIRPORT, THE PLANE READIES FOR A THREE POINT LANDING ---

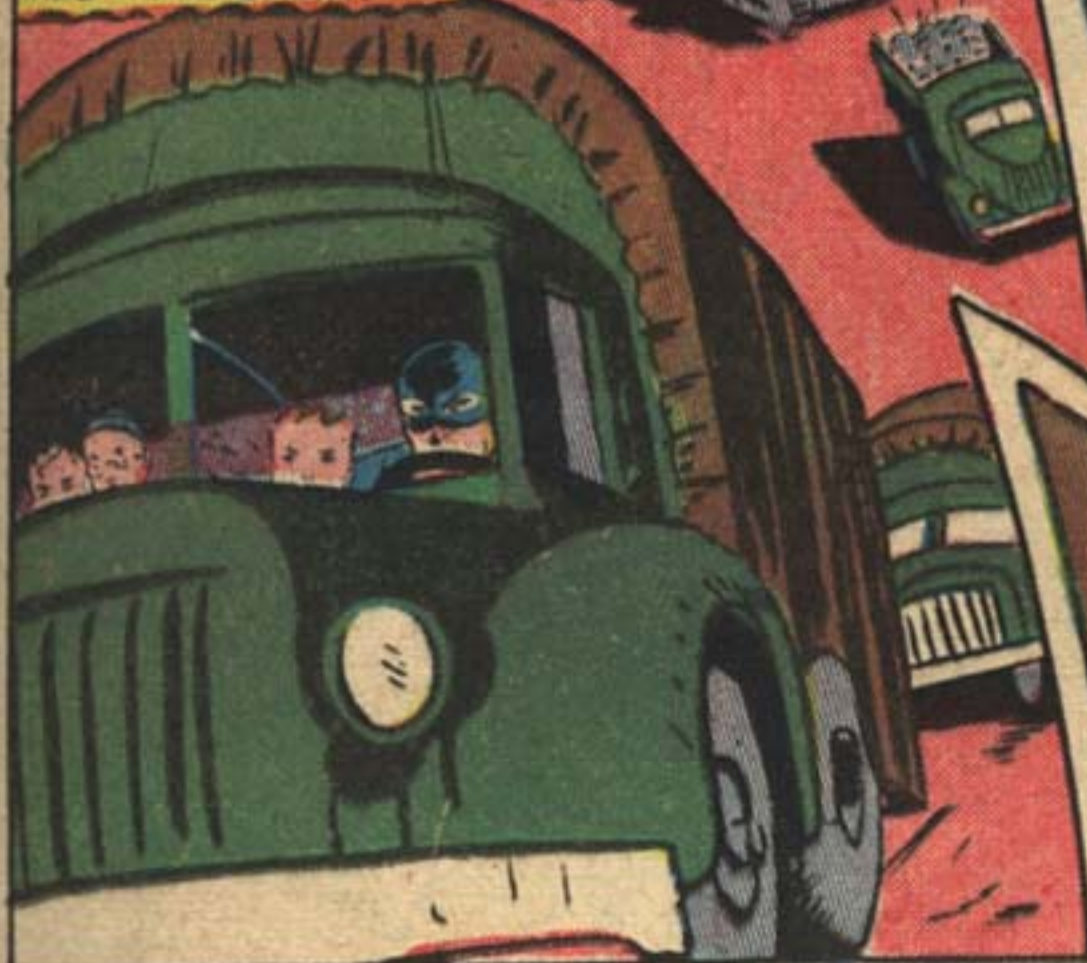


YOU'RE A HAPPY SIGHT FOR DESERT-WEARY EYES, CAPTAIN! I ASKED FOR A DIVISION OF COMMANDOS, AND I GOT IT!

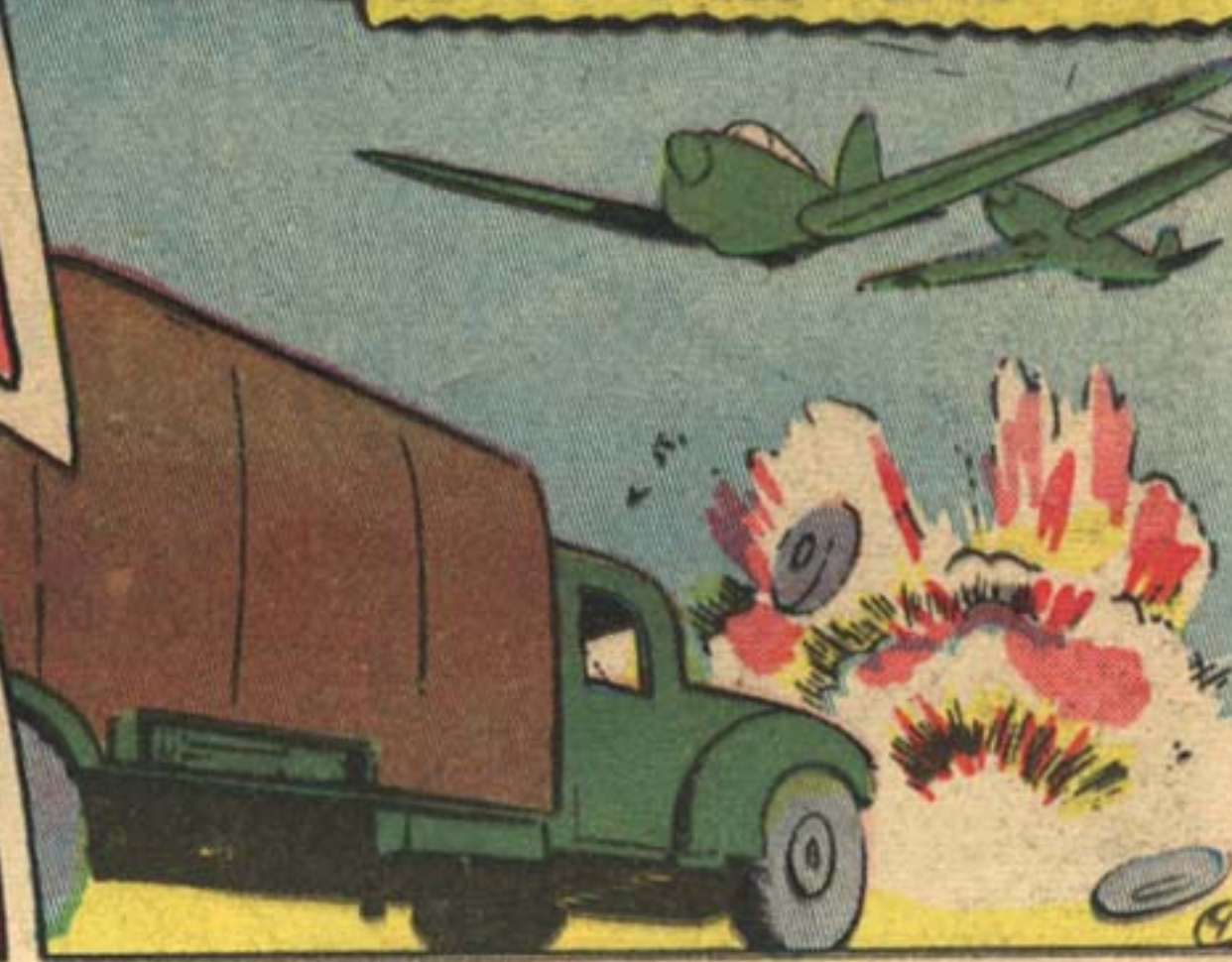


THANKS, MAJOR, WE'RE READY FOR OUR BATTLE STATIONS!

NO TIME LOST--THE CARAVAN OF MACHINES SURGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ENEMY---



THEN-- FROM SEEMINGLY NOWHERES, A SWARM OF MESSERSCHMITTS SWOOP FROM THE SKIES, POURING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



GALLANTLY, THE ALLIES FIGHT OFF THE ATTACK, UNTIL, AT LAST, THE SKIES ARE CLEARED.

THERE YOU HAVE IT, CAPTAIN --- ROMMEL COMMANDS AN UNLIMITED AMOUNT OF SUPPLIES! WE COULD LICK THEM, MAN FOR MAN, GUN FOR GUN, BUT WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR SUPPLIES? THAT'S YOUR JOB, CAPTAIN --- **FIND THAT SOURCE OF SUPPLY!**

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, MAJOR!

THIS IS IT! LET'S GO, BOY SOLDIERS!

I COULD *KISS* YOU, CAP! DIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR!

BRAVO!

THAT'S PECULIAR --- A "STEP" PYRAMID! THEY'RE ONLY FOUND IN BABYLON! HOW COME?

YES CAPTAIN --- A "STEP" PYRAMID, BUT ONLY BUILT BY THE NAZIS! IT'S THE "PYRAMID PILLBOX"!

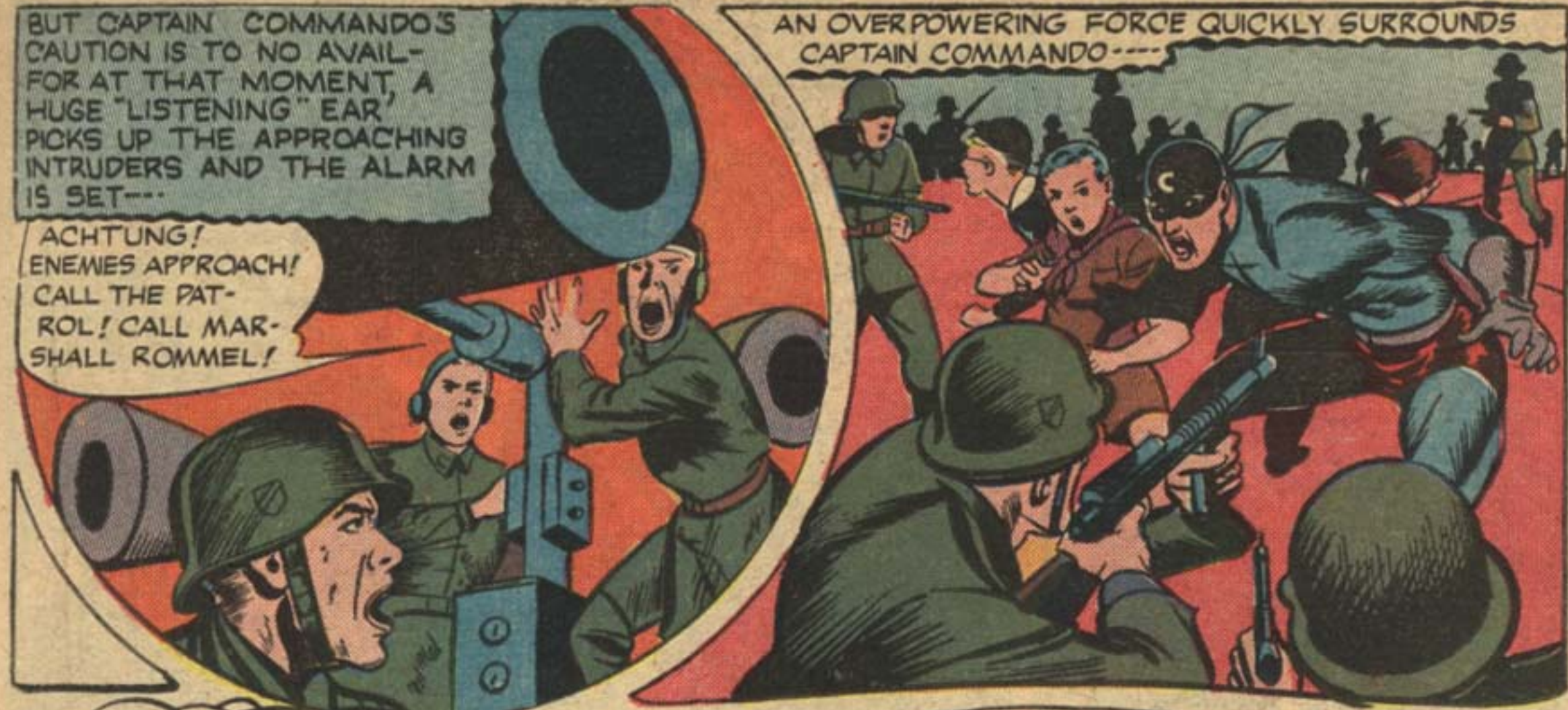
LOOK, GANG, THERE'S SOMETHING DEFINITELY FISHY ABOUT THAT PYRAMID. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE AT IT. NO NOISE NOW WE DON'T WANT TO TIP FRITZ OFF IF HE'S ANYWHERE AROUND



BUT CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S CAUTION IS TO NO AVAIL- FOR AT THAT MOMENT, A HUGE "LISTENING" EAR PICKS UP THE APPROACHING INTRUDERS AND THE ALARM IS SET---

ACHTUNG! ENEMIES APPROACH! CALL THE PAT-ROL! CALL MAR-SHALL ROMMEL!

AN OVERPOWERING FORCE QUICKLY SURROUNDS CAPTAIN COMMANDO----



NO USE TRYING TO FIGHT BACK NOW-TOO MANY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WOULD PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR A COM-MANDO RAID!

ZO, AT LAST I MEET YOU! THE GREAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND HIS BOY BRATS!



YOU STUPID AMERICANS, VEN VILL YOU LEARN THAT VE NAZIS ARE NOT TOY SOLDIERS! HO, HO, THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT ME! HA, HA! TAKE THEM AWAY! HA, HA, HA!

THE PRISONERS ARE PUT TO WORK IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OF THE FORTRESS---

IF I WASN'T SO BORED WITH THIS DESERT, THIS CAPTAIN COMMANDO WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT SPORT! OH, THIS DREADFUL PLACE!

KEEP WORK-ING, SOLDIERS, WE AREN'T LICK-ED YET!





SERGEANT! I'M BORED! THIS QUIET IS DEAFENING! DO SOMETHING! DANCE, SING, WHISTLE---SOMETHING! BUT PLEASE ENTERTAIN ME!

YA, HERR MARSHALL!



CORPORAL! DER MARSHALL IS BORED! DO SOMETHING!

JA—I DO--- BUT WHAT?



DER MARSHALL IS BORED!

VAT CAN VE DO?

THE ORDER MAKES ITS ROUNDS INTO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP---



DID YA 'EAR THE BLOKE SAY THE MARSHALL IS BORED!



TELL HIS MAJESTY THAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO WILL ENTERTAIN HIM!



HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BASEBALL GAME, MARSHALL? NO? IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPORT AND I KNOW YOU'D LIKE IT!

SOUNDS AMUSING! IT SOUNDS VERY, VERY ENTERTAINING!



MAKE YOUR PREPARATIONS, CAPTAIN— BUT MAKE SURE YOU AMUSE ME!

BACK IN THE CAMP PREPARATIONS FOR THE GAME GO UNDER WAY---

MINUTES LATER A SHADOW STALKS ACROSS THE WALLS---

IT'S CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

BUT I SAY, CAP. WHY DO YOU WANT TO ENTERTAIN THAT BLIGHTER?

BECAUSE IT GIVES US MORE FREEDOM... AND A CHANCE TO TRY AND MAKE AN ESCAPE... NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...



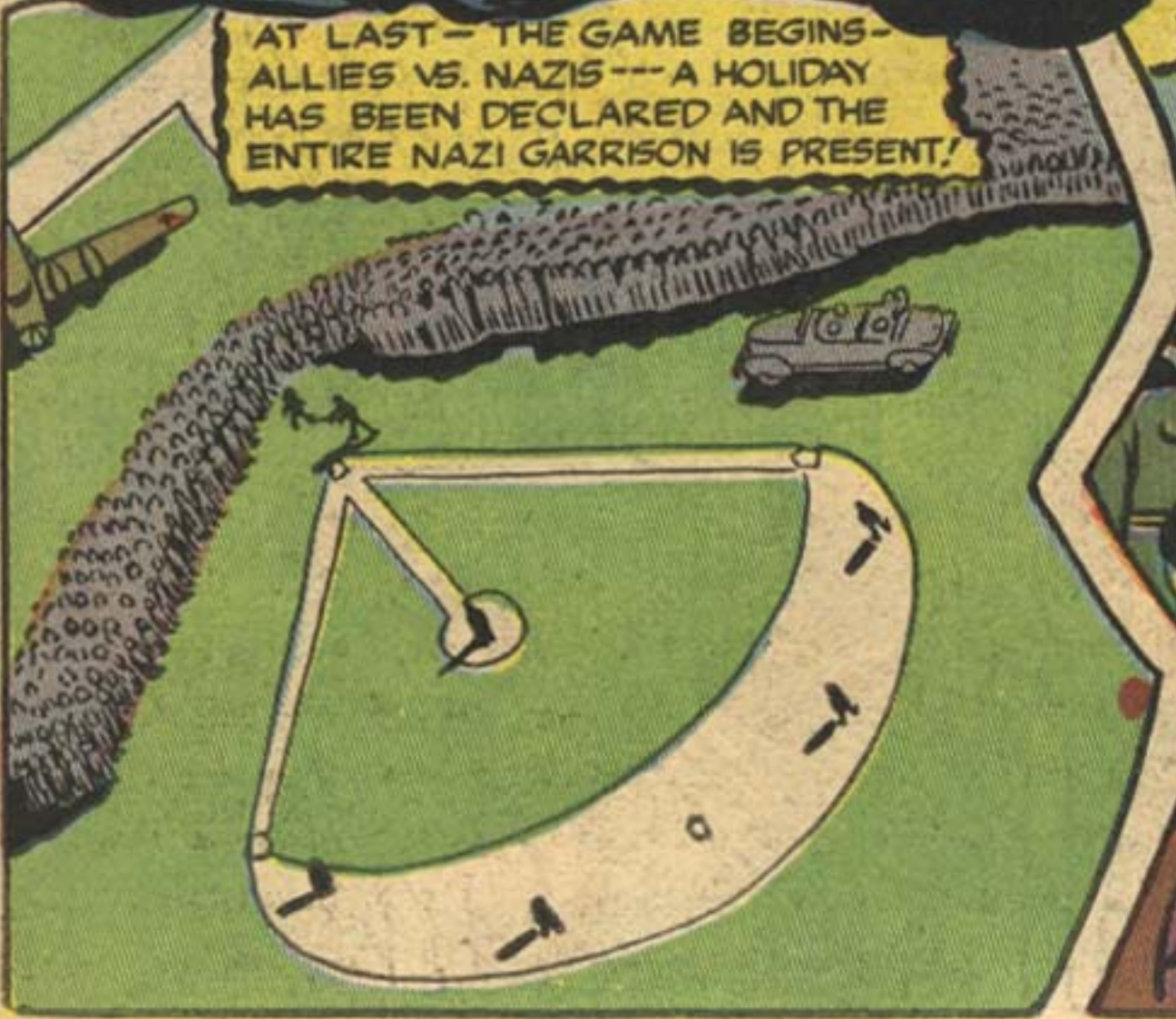
GOOD T'ING I'M A DODGER FAN! DIS IS RIGHT IN MY LINE!

BRING THOSE BASEBALLS IN HERE--- QUICK!



DON'T BE SO NOVOUS, LIMEY! FILL DEM APPLES WIT' DAT WOIM JUICE!

BLIMEY! THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE IN 'ERE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE JERRY ARMY!



AT LAST-- THE GAME BEGINS-- ALLIES VS. NAZIS--- A HOLIDAY HAS BEEN DECLARED AND THE ENTIRE NAZI GARRISON IS PRESENT!

THE CAPTAIN INSTRUCTS HIS TEAM---

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN! YOU ALL HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! REMEMBER THE SIGNAL AND **DON'T MISS!**



STRIKE THE BUM OUT!

THE NAZIS ARE EASILY RETIRED VIA THE STRIKE OUT ROUTE---

AND TAKE TO THE FIELD----

THAT'S NINE STRIKES IN A ROW, CAP!

OOF

NOW IT'S OUR TURN AT BAT—WAIT HERE WHILE I SET THE STAGE FOR OUR ENTRANCE!

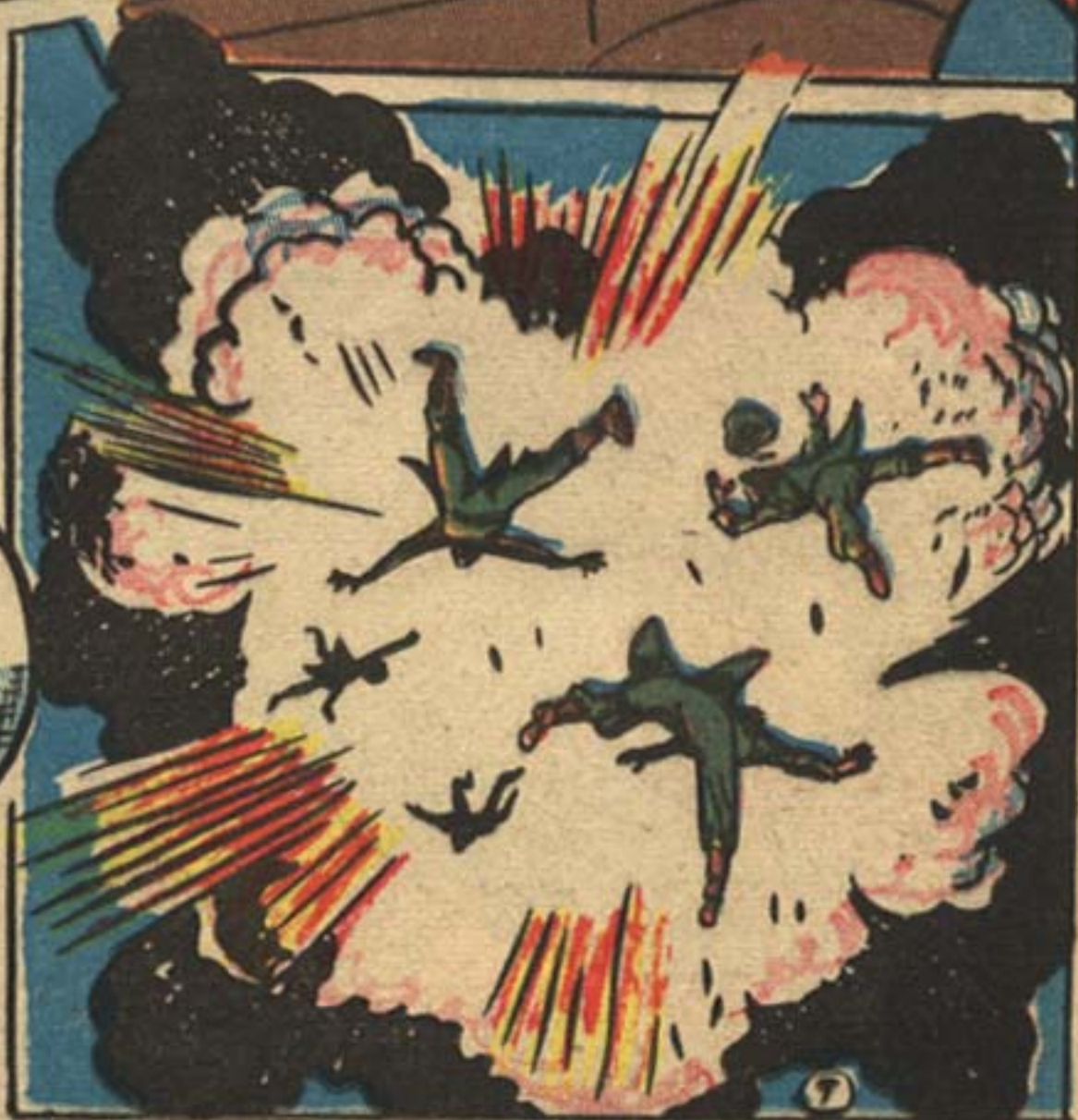
HERE, HERR MARSHALL—IT IS THE CUSTOM IN AMERICA THAT THE GUEST OF HONOR THROW OUT THE FIRST BALL TO HIS TEAM!

IS DOT ZO? DIS IS VUNDERBAR! IM BEGINNING TO LAUGH ALREADY!

HA, HA, HA—HIMMEL DIS IS FUN! HA, HA—IM DYING OF LAUGHING!

BE CAREFUL NOW, MARSHALL—THROW IT RIGHT TO YOUR MEN!

OH, IF DER FUEHRER COULD ONLY SEE THIS HE VOULD ALSO DIE LAUGHING. HA, HA!





OUT AT HOME PLATE!

LAUGH *THIS* OFF, YOU MINOR LEAGUE CHUMPS!



CONFUSION TAKES OVER - NAZIS ARE CAUGHT OFF GUARD - THE AMERICAN BASEBALL BECOMES A FIRST-CLASS WAR WEAPON -----



SHULTZ! SHTEP ON IT! EVERYTHING'S GONE CRAZY!



OH, OH, THERE GOES DE MARSHALL!

CATCH, ROMMY, WIT DE COMPLIMENTS OF DE BROOKLYN DODGERS!



QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE, THE ALLIED PRISONERS, LED BY THE COMMANDOS, ATTACK WITH MURDEROUS FURY



.. AND NOW, HOURS LATER, BACK IN THE ALLIED CAMP.

INCREDIBLE, CAPTAIN, INCREDIBLE! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU BAG THEM ALL?

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS, GENERAL, THE BUMS WERE SUCKERS FOR AN OUTSIDE CURVE!

THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND HIS BOY SOLDIERS APPEAR ONLY IN PEP COMICS. THE FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!

HERE'S AN ARITHMETIC LESSON!



THESE



AND

THESE



MAKE THESE



DO YOUR PART! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS **NOW!**

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

-HONORABLE MENTION-

ROBERT STUART LIEBMAN, 300 MAIN STREET, WHITE PLAINS, N.Y. AND GERALD SULLIVAN, 1204 WATSON AVE., SCRANTON PA., HAVE BOTH PURCHASED \$25 WAR BONDS.

RICHARD BERRY, BOX 175, BEEBE, ARKANSAS
PHYLLIS BLOCK, 4623 REISTERTOWN ROAD, BALTIMORE, MD.
RICHARD FLOYD BRANNER, 515 TERRACE DR., AUSTIN, TEXAS
JOHN BRZOWSKI, 653 NASSAU ST., ORANGE, N.J.
BERNARD BULOS, 1760 MONROE AVE., BRONX, N.Y.
NORRIS EDWIN CANIPE, 505 CLEGG ST., SHELLEY, N.C.
LILLIAN CARR, 66 NORTH AVE., NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.
WILLIAM R. CHEEK, 202 CALHOUN ST., CHARLESTON, S.C.
EILEEN COLLINS, 287 WILLIS AVE., BRONX, N.Y.
ALLAN CHUNG, P.O. BOX 31, CALIF. U.S. 101, MADRONE, CALIF.
JIMMY CLARK, 943 HARMON AVE., DANVILLE, ILL.
BOBBIE COULSON, 408 PEACHTREE ST., DOUGLAS, GA.
JOYCE CRAWFORD, 2025 W. BROADWAY, ENID, OKLA.
BERTHA CROWNOVER, 220 TURNPIKE A., CLEARFIELD, PA.
BOB DANIELS, 3367 S. E. 60TH ST., PORTLAND, OREGON
ROBERT FREELAND DEANE, 624 RUBERTA A., GLENDALE, CALIF.
JACK DONOVAN, 126 E. 35TH ST., ERIE, PA.
JACKIE ELMER ECKARD, 210 SPRING ST., CUMBERLAND, MD.
FRED FISHEL, 1537 FULTON AVE., BRONX, N.Y.
LOUIS GARAY, GAMBOA, CANAL ZONE
BOBBIE LEWIS GARRISON, SIMPSONVILLE, S.C.
CHARLES JOHN GEIST, 2ND ST. PIKE, SOUTHAMPTON, PA.
ORVILLE GREYNOLDS, JR., DEPOT ST., MONONGAH, W. VA.
LOUIS HANECKER, 418 W. 18TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

JIMMY WATLEY, 304 COLLEGE ST., BOAZ, ALABAMA.
J. LARRY HELMS, #302 N. GASKIN AVE., DOUGLAS, GA.
BILLY JOHNSON, GLEN, MINNESOTA
EDWARD LAKE JONES, 904 AVE. B, DODGE CITY, KANSAS
JACKIE KREIGHBAUM, LANFRANCO ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
SUZANNE MARIE KUHNLE, 422 COLUMBUS ST., TOLEDO, OHIO
PHYLLIS ROSE KUNZ, 423 9TH AVE. S.E., ROCHESTER, MINN.
KATHERINE LADAS, 340 BRADY ST., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.
NONA LEE MALISKY, FAIRVIEW ROUTE 2, PORT ANGELES, WASH.
EDWARD MAPP, 413 W. 141 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.
SAM MARX, 181 COURT ST., NEWARK, N.J.
CLIFFORD DANIEL McAFEE, 906 W. 5TH ST., DAVENPORT, IOWA
DAVIE LEE MITCHELL, 706 LINCOLN ST., AMARILLO, TEXAS
MILDRED JACKIE MOORE, BOX 85, ABERNATHY, TEXAS
EDWARD J. MORIN, 432 W. WASHINGTON ST., MARQUETTE, MICH.
LARRY MOSSE, 418 CENTRAL PK. W., NEW YORK, N.Y.
BILLY NELSON, 508 GEN ST., LAFAYETTE, COLORADO
BENJAMIN M. NORCROSS, 504 BOYCE ST., FT. WORTH, TEXAS
BUDDY ORR, 1521 LINCOLN ST., HOOD RIVER, OREGON
LEONARD S. OSOFSKY, 500-15TH AVE., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
STANLEY RUBENFELD, 215 ROCHESTER AVE., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
MELVIN RUBINSTEIN, 1325 GRANT AVE., BRONX, N.Y.
LEON RYAN, 3624 BARING ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
TEDDY SCHNEE, 2511 FAIRMOUNT ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA ... AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A \$50.00 BOND — BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON OR COPY IT ON A POSTCARD, SEND IT ALONG TO US AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL PATRIOTIC AMERICAN I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!"

NAME (PRINT PLAINLY) _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

SERGEANT BOYLE

WHEN FIELDMARSHAL DOMMEL GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND RETURNED TO THE AFRICAN FRONT HE FOUND HIS SHATTERED ARMY TRYING TO REORGANIZE FROM ITS STUNNING DEFEAT (SEE PEP COMICS JAN.)...IN DOMMEL'S FURIOUS CLEANUP CAMPAIGN, WE FIND

DER HONOR OF DER THIRD REICH ISS AT STAKE! WHOEVER IT VAS, I VANT HEEM

CAUGHT!

DUMMKOPFS! IDIOTS! WHO ISS RESPONSIBLE?

MASS EXECUTIONS

OFFICERS DEMOTED..

SEND IN FOUR OF OUR BEST SPIES! I HAFF AN ASSIGNMENT TO ASSIGN!

SUICIDES..

AT LAST VE ARE GETTING SOMEWHERE! DER MAN RESPONSIBLE ISS CALLED SERGEANT BOYLE!

JA, HERR FIELDMARSHAL! HE ISS IN CAIRO ON FURLOUGH!

YOU SENT FOR US, HERR FIELDMARSHAL?

VE HAFF LEARNED DOT SERGEANT BOYLE ISS IN CAIRO! YOU ARE TO GO, GET HIM, UND BRING HIM BACK!





VE HAFF ALREADY CONTACTED OUR AGENTS IN CAIRO! YOU SHOULD NOT FIND IT TOO DIFFICULT! YOU KNOW VOT VILL HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOU COME BACK WID OUDT BOYLE!

JA, HERR FIELDMARSHAL!

JA, HERR FIELD-MARSHAL!

OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO CAIRO, WHERE WE FIND SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN TWERP WINDING UP A WEEK'S FURLOUGH....



SKILL 12 SHOTS 25 CENT

IF YOU CAN HIT THAT LITTLE GREEN THING THAT GOES UP AND DOWN, YOU WIN 50 BUCKS!

I'LL SEE ABOUT IT!



CLANG!

ATTABOY, SARGE, OL' PAL! WHAT A SHOT!



WELL, WE'VE SEEN ALL THE MOVIES IN TOWN, BEEN TO ALL THE DANCE HALLS, AND THE CARNIVAL, AND WITH THIS THIRTY IT DIDN'T COST US A CENT! NOW WHAT?

C'MON SARGE, I'LL TAKE YOU TO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL FUN!



DID DER MARSHAL SAY HE VANTED DEM DEAD OR ALIVE?

I WOULD LIKE TO SHOOT DEM!

SHUT UP! HE'S GOT SOMEBODY WID HIM! BUT VE TAKE DEM BOTH! GET READY!!



THE MUSEUM? AQUARIUM? THE ZOO?

NOPE

NOPE

NOPE



DON'T GIFF DEM TIME TO SCREAM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF BOYLE MYSELF! YOU GET DER OTHER VUN!

VUN... TWO...



THR... THR...?? ??



BREAK IT UP, YOU! SAAAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY?

?

SO YOU SEE, OFFICER, YOU VERE MISTAKEN! VE VERE JUST PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE!

OH YEAH? WELL, IT SOUNDS FISHY TO ME, AN' I'M TAKIN' YOU ALL DOWN TO HEADQU...

ARRURGGH

VOT HAPPENED, TO THOSE TWO? ACH, THERE THEY ARE!

NO, BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHEN THE WAR'LL BE OVER!

IF THAT'S WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, I CAN TELL YOU MYSELF. WHEN EVERYBODY GOES OUT 100%!

BOY, ARE YOU SMART! AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! ALL THE SAME I'M GOING IN!

DEY VENT IN DOT SPIRITUALIST PLACE! NOW VE GOT TO WAIT FOR DEM TO COME OUT!

DUMBKOPF! WHY SHOULD VE WAIT? YOU THREE GO IN THE FRONT UND GET RID OF DOT DOORMAN, UND I VILL SNEAK AROUND TO DER BACK UND TAKE CARE OF DOT SWAMI!!

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'LL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH OUR THIRTY BUCKS!

AW- SARGE, YOU'RE TOO SUSPICIOUS!

WALK THIS WAY!

SIT HERE... EXCUSE ME! SOMEONE ELSE JUST CAME IN!

IF YOU'RE RUNNING SHORT OF SEATS, PAL, LET ME KNOW! I'LL BE GLAD TO KICK IN WITH MINE!

DO YOU GENTLEMEN WISH TO ATTEND THE SPMMFFRRG GLURG... OOPR... UGH!

TSK! TSK! SHOULDN'T MUMBLE!!



LET US FIRST HIDE DER BODY, UND DEN VHEN DER LIGHTS GO OUDT VE SNEAK IN UND GET **BOYLE** UND HIS FRIEND!

JA! HERE COMES DER KAPITAN NOW!



SO! VE ARE ALL READY FOR THE SEANCE? GOOT! VE BEGIN!



BEFORE VE TURN OUDT THE LIGHTS, VE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES TO TALK VID THE SPIRITS! PUT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS UND CONCENTRATE!

HEY



IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY POCKETS OF YOUR OWN, I'M SORRY! BUT KEEP OUT OF **MINE!**

OK. BUT TRY TO BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL!

OH, WAS THAT **YOUR** POCKET? HEH, HEH, I'M SORRY!



SORRY! HE'S SORRY! CAUGHT HIM, HE MEANS! IF HE THINKS I'M GONNA SIT HERE WHILE HE PICKS MY POCKET, HE'S NUTS!



DOES EFERYBODY HAFF DEIR HANDS IN DEIR POCKETS? FINE! TURN THE LIGHTS OUDT!

JA! WID PLEASURE!



NOW VE ALL RELAX, **SOOOO...** ISS EVERYBODY CONCENTRATING! DOT'S NICE! IF YOU HEAR ANYBODY MOVING AROUND, IT ISS JUST THE DEAD SPIRITS!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!! THAT'S **BOYLE** FINDING ANOTHER SEAT!



THIS IS BETTER! OUR DOUGH'LL BE A LOT SAFER OVER HERE!

VE CAN'T MISS! DEY ARE SITTING DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM EACH ODDER!

HM, I TINK DIS VUN ISS **BOYLE!** YHERE ISS MY **BLACKJACK** ??

EEK! SOMETHING TOUCHED ME!



AHHH! DER SPIRITS HAFF COME! I VLL SPEAK TO DEM! **SPIRITS!** ARE YOU READY? ANSWER, VUN KNOCK FOR YES, TWO KNOCKS FOR NO!

SAY? WHATSA BIG ID... ??

HEY! WHO'S..

CLUNK!

BOP!

THE SPIRITS
HAFF LEFT!
TOO BAD!
TURN ON THE
LIGHTS!

SAY!
HOW DID
YOU
GET
HERE
??

THAT'S FUNNY!
THAT CROOK'S
GONE! AND
TWERP!
TWERP'S
GONE TOO!

CURSES!
SOMETHING VENT
WRONG! DEY
DIDN'T GET
BOYLE!

ER.. DOTS
ALL 'FOR
TODAY!!
COME
BACK
TOMORROW
!!

AND NOT ONLY
THAT! THAT CROOK
GOT AWAY WITH
OUR MONEY,
AFTER ALL!

MAYBE
TWERP
SAW IT AND
FOLLOWED
HIM!

THAT'S DUMB!
HOW COULD HE HAVE
SEEN HIM IN THE DARK!
I THINK I'LL GO BACK
TO HAVE A TALK
WITH THAT
SWAMI!

OH OH! SOMEONE'S
HIDING BEHIND
THAT CURTAIN!

ALL RIGHT,
WHO EVER YOU
ARE! COME ON
OUT OF THERE,
OR I'M GOING
TO DRAG
YOU
OUT!

WON'T COME OUT, EH?
OKAY, WE'LL SEE ABOUT...
HOLY CATS! IT'S
THE SWAMI'S ASSISTANT!
HE'S DEAD!

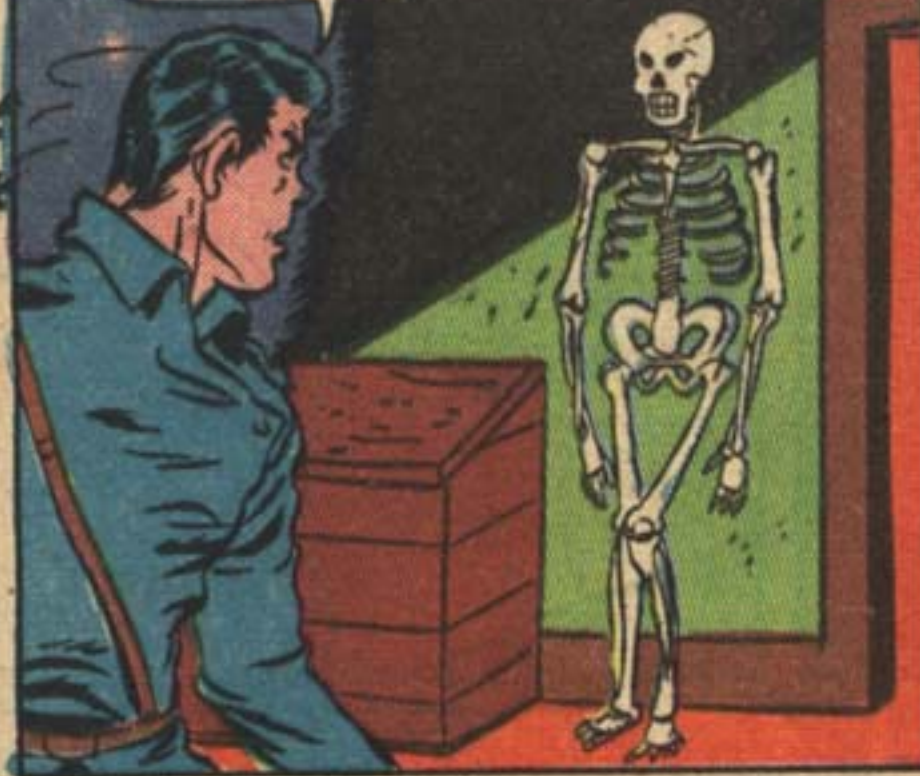
FIRST THE GUY NEXT TO
ME PICKS MY POCKET, THEN
HE AND TWERP BOTH
DISAPPEAR, AND THIS GUY
TURNS UP DEAD! ON
TOP OF THAT THE SWAMI'S
ACCENT WAS PRETTY
SUSPICIOUS!

I THINK I'LL LOOK
AROUND IN THE BACK.
MAYBE I CAN FOUND
OUT SOMETHING!

WELL, I'VE SEARCHED
HIGH AN' LOW AND NOT
A TRACE OF... **WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?**



WHO'S THERE?
??
DON'T TELL ME
IT WAS
YOU



**WELL, I'LL BE
A MONKEY'S
UNCLE!**



GET ME OUT!
I'AM YOGI
RAMASHAPIRO!
A BIG ROUGH
MAN TIED ME
UP AND
PUT ME IN
HERE!

I THOUGHT
THAT GUY WAS
A PHONEY!
WONDER WHAT
HIS GAME
IS!



THIS SOUNDS LIKE
HIM COMING NOW! GET
BACK DOWN AND KEEP
QUIET! I'LL GET YOU
OUT LATER!

B. BUT?
GLUB?



THOSE CLUMSY IDIOTS!
HOW COULD DEY HAFF
GOTTEN DER WRONG
MAN! IF VE GO BACK
WIDOUT BOYLE,
DOMMEL VILL HAFF
US ALL
SHOT!

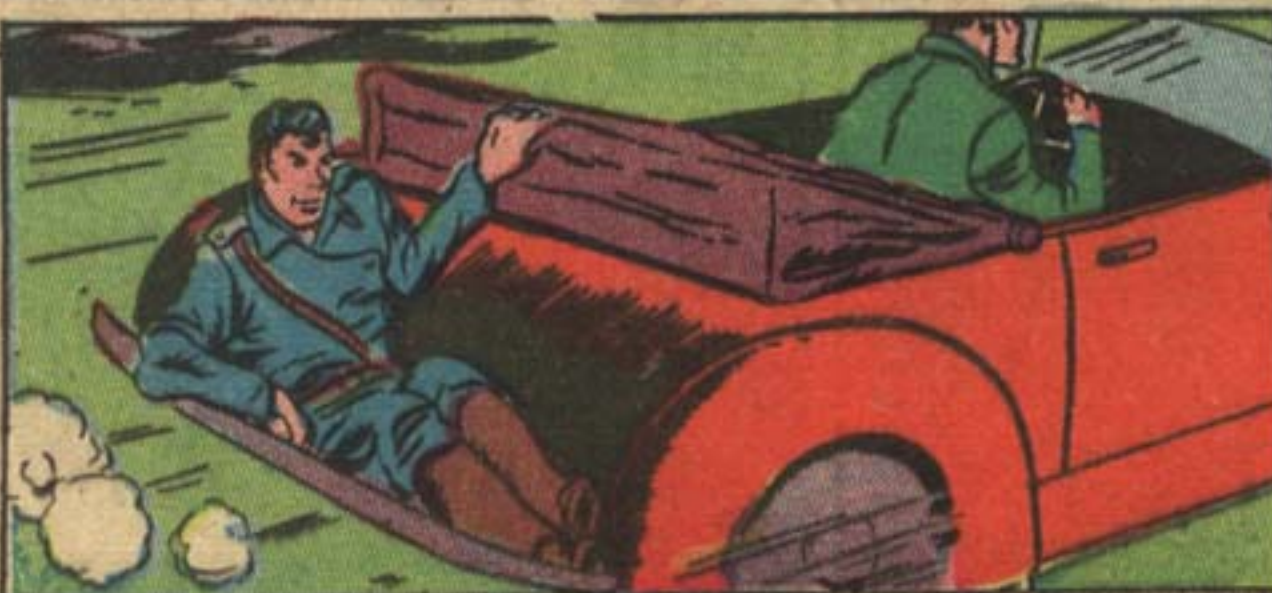
I'M BEGINNING
TO SEE THE
LIGHT!



VELL, VE VILL JUST HAFF
TO COME BACK FOR HIM!
AND DIS TIME VE DON'T
MISS!



OUR SUBMARINE
ISS STILL SAFE!
THE OTHERS
SHOULD GET HERE
SOON! DEN VE
CAN MAKE PLANS
TO CATCH DOT
BOYLE!







NOW DAT
YOU GUYS
HAS HAD YER
FUN, CAN I
GO HOME?

WHO'S DIS?
VHERE ISS
BOYLE?



HERE HE
IS!



BOYLE!
IT'S YOU!
GOSH!

YEP! THOUGHT I'D
COME DOWN TO THE
SHORE FOR SOME
FISHING! HEARD THE
SUCKERS WERE
BITING!



BOUNCE ME AROUND
IN A BALE, WILL
YOU? NOW IT'S
MY **TUR**N!



BIFF
BAM **SOCK**
WHAM
BOOM



AM I GLAD
TO SEE YOU,
SARGE! SAY,
WHAT'S IT
ALL ABOUT
ANYWAY?

ONE SIDE,
TWERP! I
SEE AN
UNPLEASANTLY
FAMILIAR
FACE!



OKAY, BUDDY!
I THINK YOU
KNOW WHAT
I WANT! YOU
CAN PUT IT
RIGHT HERE!

WHY, YOU
DIRTY CROOK!
YOU'RE LUCKY
WE DON'T ARREST
YOU! YOU GOT
SOME NERVE!
STEALING FROM
SERGEANT
BOYLE !!



YA MEAN HE'S
SERGEANT BOYLE?
YEAH? JEEZ!
NO KIDDIN'?



SHUCKS, SARGE,
IN DAT CASE...
HERE, I'LL GIVE YA
BACK **REAL**
DOUGH!

OWWWRRR!

THIS IS A FRIENDLY TIP..
DON'T MISS SERGEANT
BOYLE NEXT MONTH..

ANNY

b
"RED"
HOLMDALE

IN WONDERLAND

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
PRINCESS MORGIANA
KIDNAPPED! **CALLING**
ALL HEROES! **CALLING**
ALL MEN! THE PRINCESS
HAS BEEN SWIPED!

THIS IS TERRIBLE, KUPPIE!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER-- BUT
I MUST GO **ALONE** THIS TIME.

WHADDAYA MEAN....
ALONE. AIN'T I YOUR
PAL... AIN'T I YOUR
PROTECTOR-- YOU
CAN'T DO ANYTHING
WITHOUT ME.

GOSH--HE
IS GOING...
AND LEAVING
ME BEHIND

SO LONG, KUPPIE.
TAKE CARE
OF THINGS
WHILE I'M
AWAY

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!
AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR
HIM. MY BUDDY... **NUTS!**

OH, MISERY, OH SORROW-
I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOME-
THING. I'LL GET THE PRINCESS
BACK MYSELF

Antiques

WHAT ARE YOU
LAUGHING AT?

NOBODY LAUGHS AT
KUPPIE AND GETS
AWAY WITH IT. TAKE
THIS!

WOW!
DO YOU SEE
WHAT I SEE?

OBOYOBOYOBOY

QUICK! WRAP UP
THAT STATUE IN
THE WINDOW.
HOW MUCH IS IT?

WHY THAT
WILL BE 75

SURE, SURE, GEE I THOUGHT
IT WOULD COST MUCH
MUCH MORE. HERE'S
YOUR 75 CENTS

ARE YOU KIDDING?
I SAID 75 DOLLARS

Oooohhh

WELL, I GUESS
YOU WEREN'T MEANT
TO BE MINE, PAL!
75 SMACKERS!
WOW!



HEY... HOW'D THAT MONEY GET HERE



NOBODY LOOKING?

UH... HERE'S YOUR 75 DOLLARS, MISTER.



BOY! THIS SURE IS HEAVY. HE COULD DIET!



WHEW! I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP. I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA BUYIN' THIS HUNK O' STONE AFTER ALL!



CONFUCIOUS SAY "BETTER TO BUY STONE AND WALK WITH IT THAN BUY IT AND SLEEP UNDER IT-- SIX FEET UNDER!"



ME, CONFUCIOUS, VELLY SMART MAN. ME KNOW ALL-EE ANSWERS-- EVEN TO SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTIONS.



AH... IT FEELS GOOD TO STRETCH. CONFUCIOUS WAS GETTING BORED IN ANTIQUE SHOP! GLAD YOU CAME ALONG!

GOSH-- NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

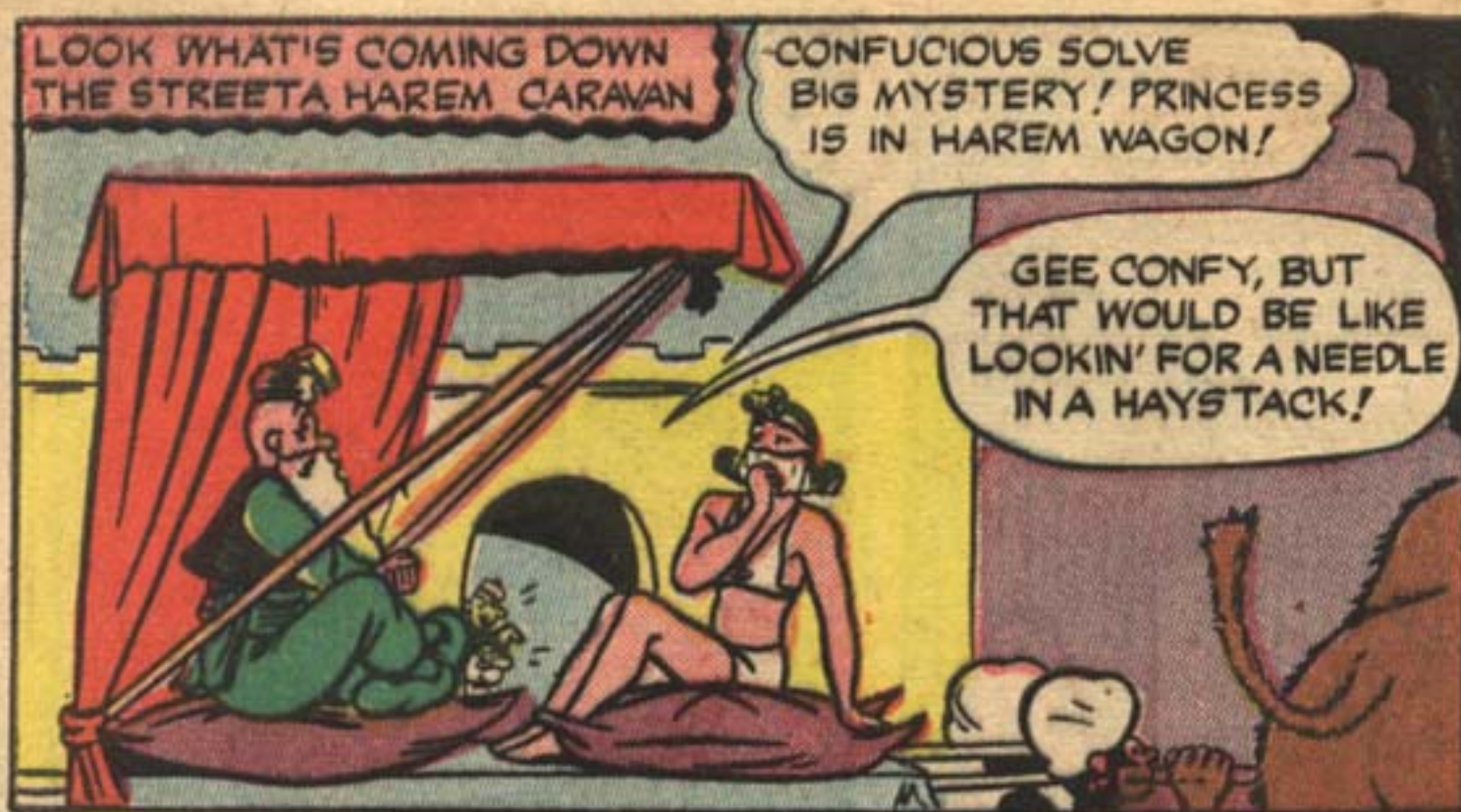


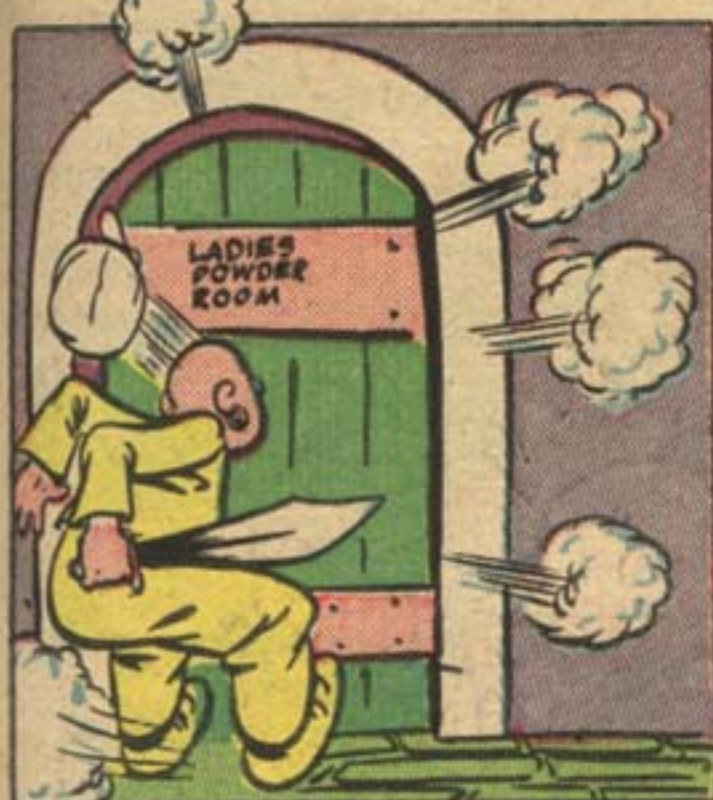
MAYBE CONFUCIOUS CAN BE OF SERVICE TO KUPPIE.

COME TO THINK OF IT... YOU SURE COULD!



PRINCESS MORGIANA'S BEEN KIDNAPPED, AND DANNY WENT OFF TO FIND HER AND LEFT ME BEHIND, AND NOW I WANNA SHOW HIM THAT HE AIN'T THE ONLY HERO SO MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME (WHEW) HUH?







I GOT YA - YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PUT SOMETHING ACROSS ON ME!



THE MAHARAJAH WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS!



MIGHTY MAHARAJAH - I HAVE CAUGHT THESE TWO TRYING TO KIDNAP THAT NEW GIRL!



KIDNAP? NEW GIRL? OH HER? HA - YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THRU ALL THAT TROUBLE!



I'M GLAD TO GET RID OF HER - ONLY DID IT AS A FAVOR FOR A FRIEND! BUT SINCE YOU BOYS WANT HER - TAKE HER!



SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THIS BOYS! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU BOTH PRESENTS NEXT CHRISTMAS!



WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE KING'S PALACE! I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT SULTAN'S GET ATTITUDE!

CONFUCIOUS SAY HE WHO LOOKEE GIFT HORSE IN MOUTH BIG HORSE, LAUGH!



KUPPIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE! WHO IS THAT VEILED WOMAN?

SHE'S THE PRINCESS WISEGUY! NEXT TIME YOU WON'T BE SO UPPITY, AND FURTHERMORE--

BUT THE PRINCESS HAS ALREADY BEEN RETURNED!



WHO THE HECK IS THIS ONE-- MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!

SO YOU GOT YOUR PAL, THE SULTAN TO SWIPE ME FOR HIS HAREM, DID YOU--GRRR--



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THIS IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN - NOT WITH A MOTHER-IN-LAW ON THE LOOSE!



SAY---WHO IN THE WORLD TOLD YOU SHE WAS THE PRINCESS, ANYWAY?

SO, CONFUCIOUS! YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS DO YOU, SMART-ALEC?



CONFUCIOUS MIGHT HAVE GIVEN KUPPIE A BUM STEER! BUT HE SURE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, WHEN CONFUCIOUS SAY HIM WHO BUY PEP COMICS, GETTEE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN COUNTRY!

Archie

by
Montana

THE 3-11 CLUB

OH!
JUST PUT THE
DOOR IN THE BACK
SEAT!



OH, WHAT A
DIVINE PLACE,
ARCHIE! BUT ISN'T
IT EXPENSIVE—
----- FOR
YOU?

SHUCKS!
WHAT'S MONEY—
I'LL BE ROLLING
IN IT SOON!
WAIT'LL I TELL
YOU!



SO I WENT DOWN TO MR. WALLACE'S OFFICE AND HE HAD A SWELL PART-TIME JOB FOR ME; DIDN'T SAY WHAT--- BUT----

SAY! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID!

AH---WHAT? OH, I'M SORRY, ARCHIE!

WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME VERONICA-OR ANY OTHER GIRL! BECAUSE ALL FEMININE EYES ARE ON THE **WENT-WORTH CADETS** WHO HAVE JUST ENTERED----

CHECKROOM

WILL THE OWNER OF THE CAR--LICENSE NUMBER 29812 PLEASE STEP OUT TO THE FRONT DOOR! THE DOORMAN CAN'T START IT!

HEY, THAT'S ME! S'CUSE ME, VERONICA!

WHAT'S A MATTER?

WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME THE COMBINATION TO THIS JALOPY SO I CAN GET IT OUT OF HERE! IT'S DRAWING A CROWD!

YOU'D THINK THAT GUY WAS TOO DRESS-ED UP TO CRANK A CAR! AFTER ME GIVIN' HIM A NICKEL, TOO!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, MISS VERONICA? FOUR THIRTY AT THE ACADEMY TOMORROW?

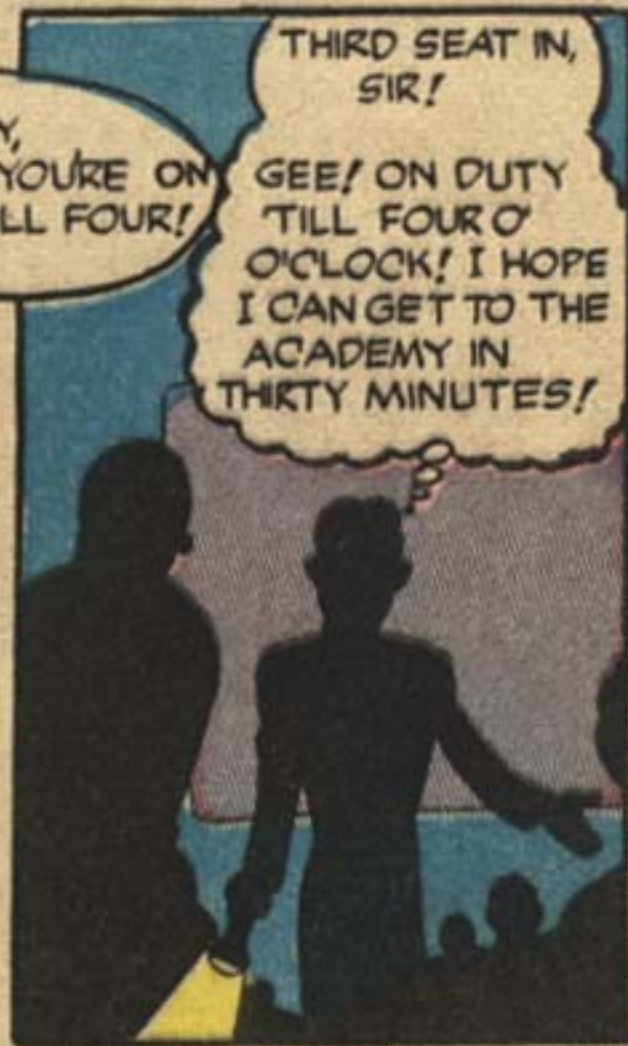
WELL--

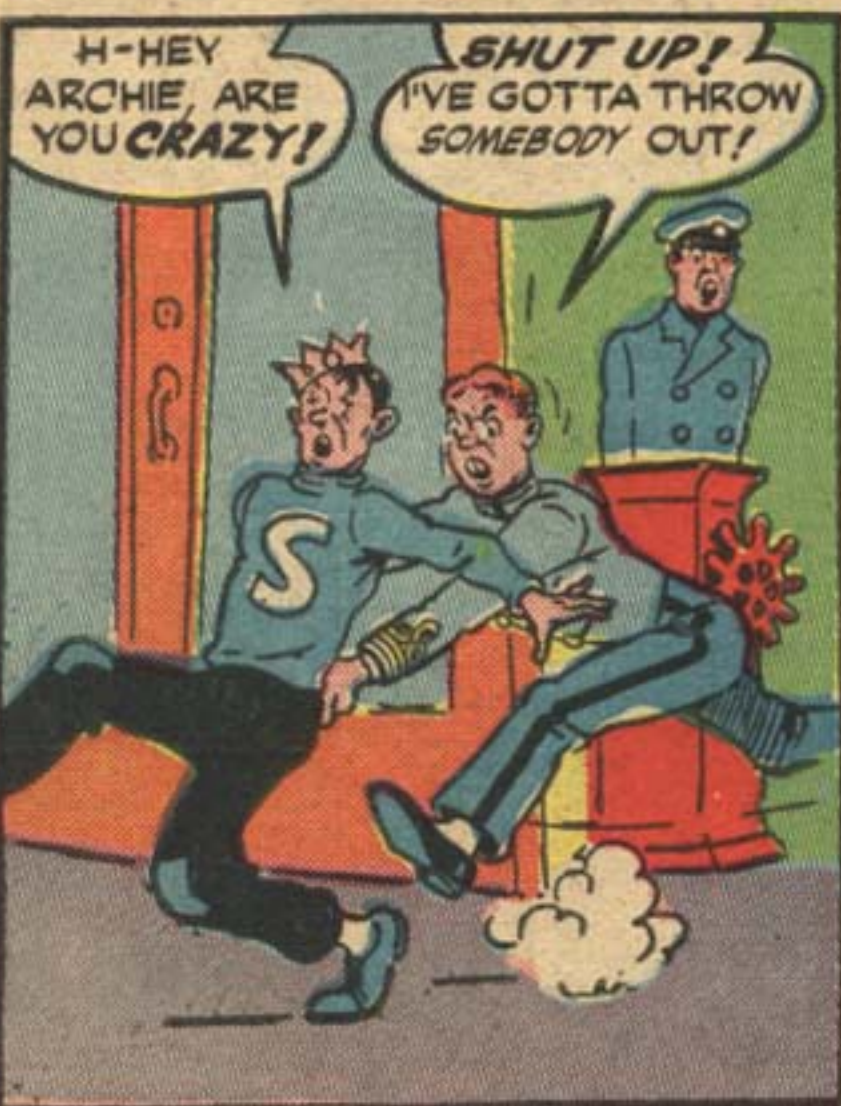
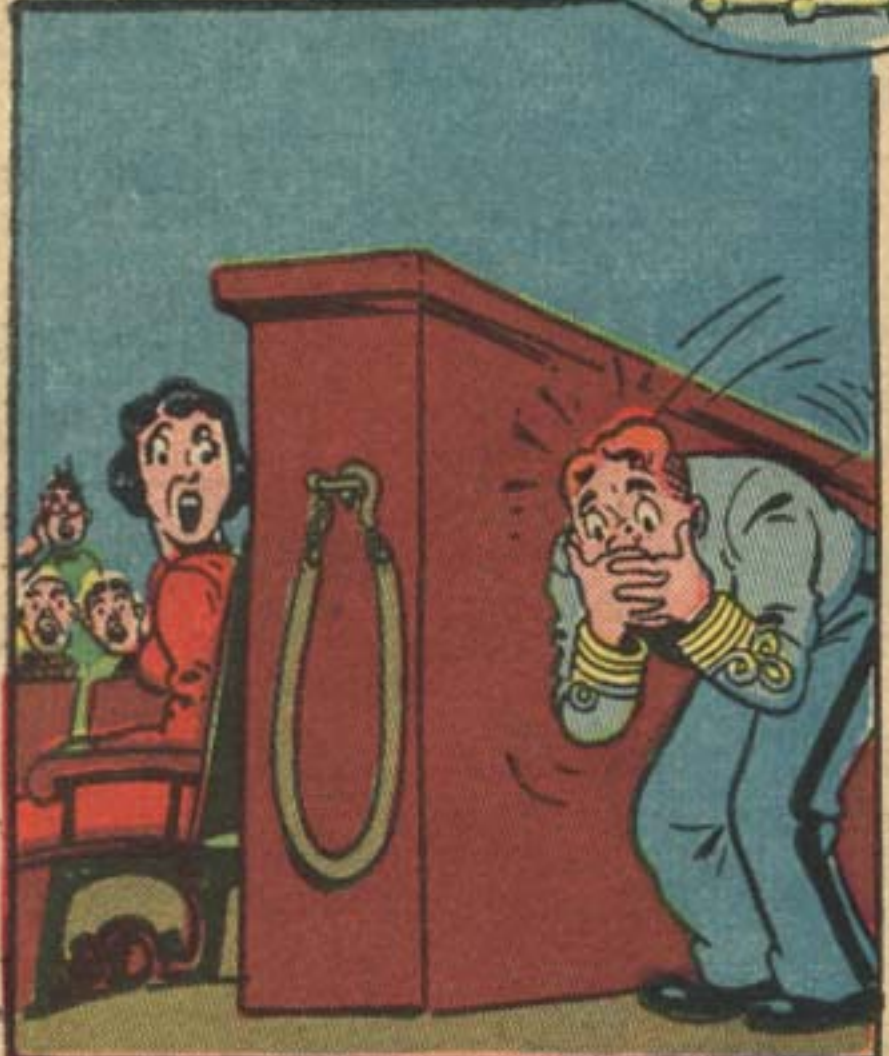
I'M REALLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT I DIDN'T SEE YOU WITH HER!

DIDN'T SEE? IF YOU WEREN'T SO BUSY STICKING OUT THAT FAKE CHEST, YOU'D HAVE SEEN ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK, A GIRL LIKE HER COMES UNESCORTED WITH A BUNCH OF WOLVES --IN-- IN MONKEY SUITS LIKE YOU AROUND!

LISSEN, CARROT TOP! NOBODY CAN CALL THE UNIFORM OF **WENT WORTH** A MONKEY SUIT!

OH NO! WHO'S GONNA STOP ME!





WELL IF YOU **MUST** KNOW, I HAVE A DATE WITH CORPORAL BRENT AT FOUR THIRTY!

CORPORAL BRENT? THAT'S GRATITUDE! I'M RISKING MY LIFE IN A DUEL FOR **YOUR** HONOR AND YOU'RE DATING THE GUY!

A DUEL? OH, ARCHIE, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! HA, HA, HA!

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

YOU DON'T THINK I CAME UP HERE FOR A PICNIC?

HMMM! HE BROUGHT ENOUGH HELP, ... PROBABLY TO CARRY HIM HOME -- LATER!



COAT!

YES SIR!



GEE, I NEVER SAW **THAT** UNIFORM BEFORE!

OH SURE--- THAT'S WHERE ALL THOSE CHAMP ATHLETES COME FROM!

I THINK IT'S THAT BIG ACADEMY NEAR FORT FLATBURG!

(THEY DO!)



GOTTA LIMBER UP! UGH! AH! UGH! TAKE THAT!



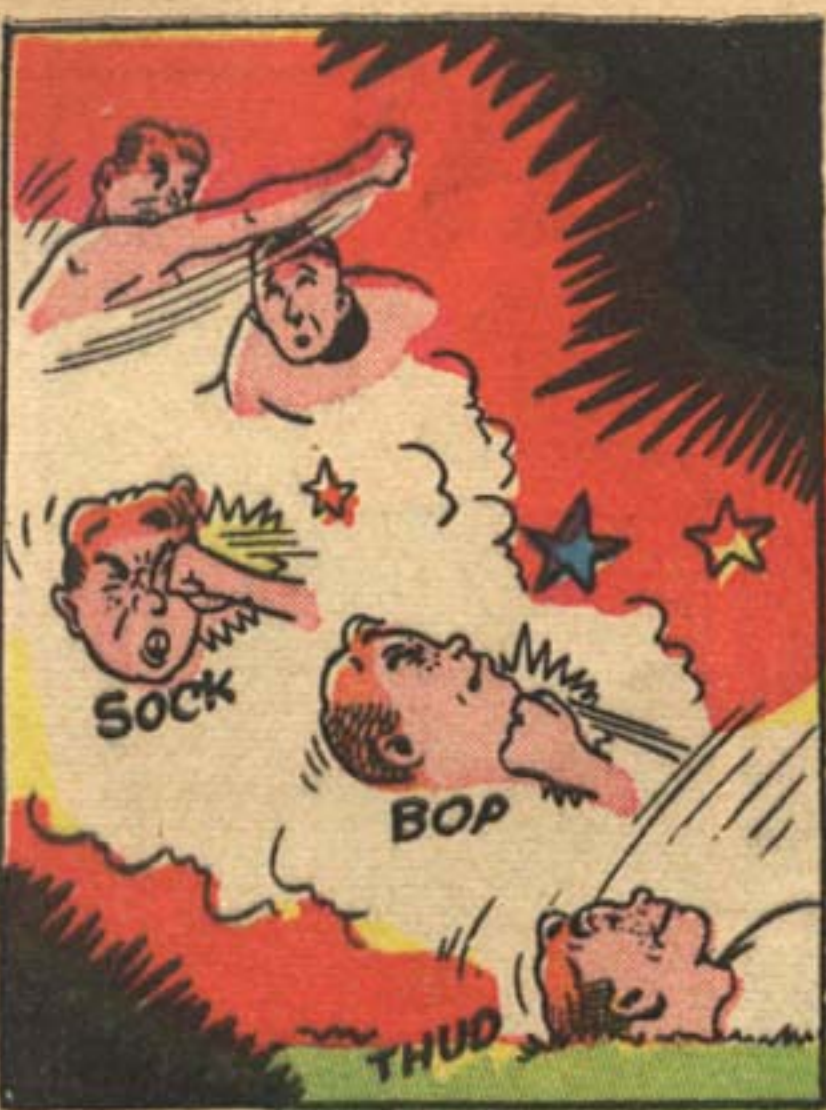
I'M READY, SERGEANT! HAND ME MY SABRE!

WHAT! YOUR **SABRE!** WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE--- IN VIENNA? THIS IS A BOXING MATCH!



WONDER IF THIS GUY IS GOOD?

JEEPERS, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE COAT, BUT THIS GUY REALLY **HAS** MUSCLES!



WELL, THAT'S THAT!
SHALL WE GO,
MISS VERONICA?

ARCHIE!
HEY, ARCHIE,
OPEN YOUR
EYES! ---
WELL, OPEN
YOUR RIGHT
EYE, ANYWAY!

ANDREWS!
THERE YOU ARE!
AT LAST!

ANOTHER
CADET!

THAT'S NO
CADET!
IT'S THE
HEAD USHER

WHAT'S THE IDEA LEAVING
THE THEATER WITH THIS
UNIFORM! YOU OUGHTA
KNOW THERE AREN'T ENOUGH
TO GO AROUND! **YOU'RE
FIRED!** NOW GIMME
THAT UNIFORM!

B-B-BUT
(SPUTTER)

HA-HA, AN **USHER!**
COME ON MISS
VERONICA! I'LL
TAKE YOU BACK
TO RIVERDALE!

ALL RIGHT!

Go!!

NUTS! I LOST MY
UNIFORM --- LOST MY
JOB, GOT A NICE
"SHINER" AND NOW
I'VE LOST VERONICA,
TOO! SHE'LL **NEVER**
FORGIVE ME!

YOU MIGHT
ADD FOUR MILES
TO TOWN, TOO!

HEY! YOU
ALMOST RAN
OVER US!
IT'S
VERONICA!

HYA COOKIE,
HOP IN!

ARCHIE! ONLY LET
CORPORAL BRENT
TAKE ME HOME SO
I COULD GET MY CAR
AND COME BACK FOR
YOU! I'M AWFULLY SORRY
YOU LOST YOUR JOB AN
GOT HURT AND EVERY-
THING ON ACCOUNT OF ME! ---
WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

**GUESS I NEVER
WILL UNDERSTAND
WOMEN!**
NUTS!

MY, WHAT A HAPPY END-
ING FOR AN "ARCHIE" STORY!
THE ONLY GENT TO GET THE
RUB IS JUGHEAD! HE THOUGHT
HE WAS GOING TO SEE ALL
THE MOVIES FREE WITH
ARCHIE USHERING! BY THE
WAY - MAKE ROOM TO USHER
IN **ARCHIE COMICS!**
IT'S USHURE BET!
ARCHIE ALSO APPEARS IN
**PEP AND JACKPOT
COMICS!**



Sentinel

of Scotland Yard

IN THE CASE OF THE STEEPLECHASE MURDERS!

LAUGHTER, GAIETY... AND THE THRILLING EXCITEMENT OF "THE SPORT OF KINGS" RUNS KAMPANT AT THE STARLINE STEEPLECHASE ---- EAGERLY THE SPECTATORS WATCH THE SLEEK STALLIONS RACING FOR THE FINISH LINE ---- SUDDENLY EVERYONE GASPS! FOR BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES ---- THEY SEE THE FEARFUL SPECTRE OF ---- **DEATH AT THE TRACK!**



THAT
JOCKEY'S
FALLING!

HE'LL
BE
KILLED!

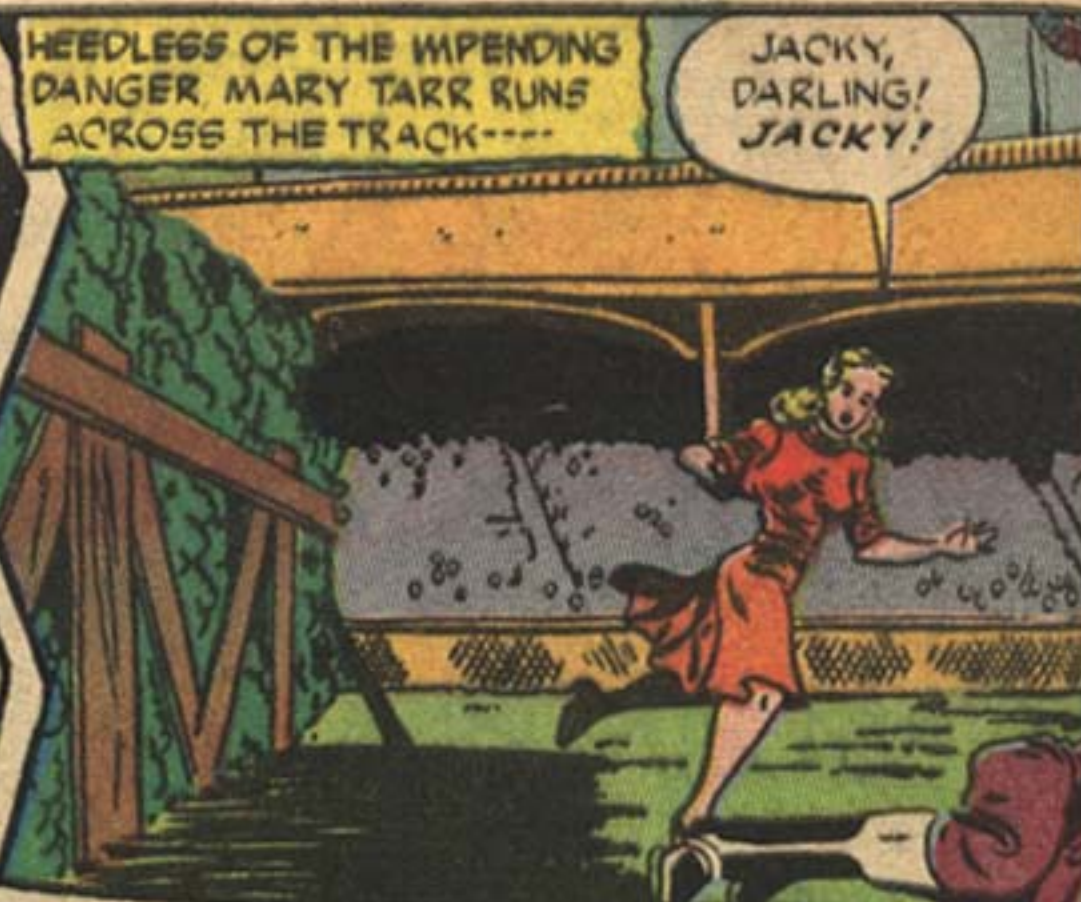
Paul Reinman



THE HORSE HAS CRUSHED HIM! HOW HORRIBLE!

IT'S JACKY TARR!

IT'S JACKY, MY HUSBAND!



HEEDLESS OF THE IMPENDING DANGER, MARY TARR RUNS ACROSS THE TRACK----

JACKY, DARLING! JACKY!



SUDDENLY MORE HORSES CLEAR THE HURDLE----

LOOK OUT, MISS! GET AWAY FROM THERE!



THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT WOMAN OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE SHE GET'S HURT!



LOOKOUT! THE HORSES ARE COMING!

JACKY! JACKY! SPEAK TO ME, DARLING, PLEASE!



SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE THE GRINDING HOOFS THUD AGAINST THE TRACK, **BENTLEY** DRAGS THE GRIEVING WOMAN TO SAFETY!



LATER AT THE OFFICE OF **JULIUS POST**, MANAGER OF THE STEEPLECHASE----

I'M DEEPLY SORRY, MRS. TARR!

I TOLD JACKY NOT TO RACE TODAY! HE HAD A WARNING!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



YOU KNEW ABOUT THAT WARNING, JULIUS! BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT JACKY THE LETTER THIS MORNING!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MR. STARR! I HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT LETTER CONTAINED! NONE AT ALL!

WAIT A MOMENT! DON'T WASTE TIME TALKING ABOUT A LETTER---

WHAT IS IT, MR. BOLGER?



THE HORSE JACKY FELL OFF WAS **MY** HORSE! ALL OF YOU ARE ACCUSING EACH OTHER—AND **I'M** THE ONE WHO IS RUINED! I STAKED EVERY PENNY ON THIS RACE AND I'M WIPED OUT! BESIDES, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!



IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, BELIEVE ME! SOMETHING'S BEHIND THIS—AND I HAVE A PIECE OF EVIDENCE IN MY POCKET THAT CONVINCES ME-----



--- THIS IS A CASE OF **MURDER**, AND **I KNOW WHO** THE MURDERER IS! FOLLOW ME ACROSS THE TRACK, EVERYONE!



WAIT FOR ME, YOU THREE! THE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE IS UP IN THE JUDGES' TOWER!



I CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE! I HAVE TO SEE ABOUT STABLING MY HORSE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD WAIT HERE EITHER—I WANT TO GO HOME!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! AFTER ALL—WHAT AUTHORITY HAS THIS BENTLEY PERSON OVER US?

YES, THE WITNESSES LEAVE! ALTHOUGH BENTLEY MIGHT HELP THEM, THEY THINK FIRST OF THEMSELVES-----

THERE THEY GO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULDN'T HOLD THEM HERE ON THE SHRED OF EVIDENCE I HAVE!

MAYBE MY BLUFF WILL STILL WORK!

YES, JACKY COULD HAVE BEEN MURDERED FROM HERE!

HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE! I'VE A GUN AIMED AT YOU! UP WITH YOUR HANDS!

MY PLAN WORKED!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW! NOW WHERE IS THAT EVIDENCE?

IN MY RIGHT HAND JACKET POCKET! GET IT YOURSELF!

I WILL!

WITH A SUDDEN BACKWARD BLOW **BENTLEY** SMASHES HIS ELBOW AGAINST HIS ASSAILANT'S FACE---

THINK I NEED A LITTLE MORE ELBOW ROOM!

BUT ALL IS NOT OVER YET! AND AS THE DARK FORM DASHES FOR THE LADDER BENTLEY REACHES FOR THE GUN!

YOU WON'T GET FAR!

I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE YET, MR. BENTLEY!

THE TIME FOR CARD TRICKS IS OVER! COME DOWN FROM THERE!

COME UP AND GET ME IF YOU CAN!

SLAMMING THE TRAP DOOR IN MY FACE WON'T STOP ME! HERE GOES!

YOU'RE AT THE END OF THE LINE---- COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!

WHO DOES BENTLEY FIND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRAP-DOOR? WHO IS THE MURDERER?

WELL, I'M NOT IN THERE! I'M NOT A MURDERESS! I LOVED MY HUSBAND, JACKY! BESIDES HOW COULD IT BE ME, I DON'T WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES!

ME? JULIUS POST? HOW COULD I BE THE MURDERER? WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO GAIN BY A KILLING THAT BROUGHT SCANDAL TO THE RACE-TRACK?

WELL, IT ISN'T ME! FIRST OF ALL, I CAN'T EVEN HOLD A GUN---- BESIDES, WHY SHOULD I KILL MY FAVORITE JOCKEY----THE MAN WHO WON EVERY RACE FOR ME?

YES, IT'S ME--- BRETT BOLGER---
SO WHAT? YOU HAVEN'T
ANYTHING ON ME!

HAVEN'T I? MAYBE
YOU'RE FORGETTING
THIS GUN WITH WHICH
YOU TRIED TO KILL **ME?**
BESIDES IT HAS A
**TELESCOPIC
SIGHT---**

--- YOU AIMED AT YOUR OWN
HORSE! YOU SHOT AT THIS
BUCKLE THAT HELD THE
SADDLE IN PLACE---



THE BUCKLE SNAPPED
AND THE SADDLE SWUNG ROUND--
DUMPING JACKY TARR IN THE PATH
OF THE HORSES! YOU WANTED YOUR
HORSE TO LOSE-- BUT YOU DIDN'T
THINK IT WOULD TURN OUT
TO BE MURDER!



YOU'RE RIGHT-- BUT YOU
WON'T GET ME! I CAN'T LIVE
TO FACE THE GALLOWS!



SUICIDE'S TOO EASY A
WAY OUT FOR YOU, BOLGER!
YOU'VE GAMBLLED YOUR MONEY
AND LIFE AWAY-- NOW PAY THE
PENALTY LIKE A MAN!



I KNEW THAT BOLGER HAD BET
EVERY LAST CENT ON ANOTHER
HORSE! ONLY A MAN HEAVILY IN
DEBT WOULD TRY TO KEEP HIS
OWN HORSE FROM WIN-
NING! IN ORDER TO
TRICK THE MUR-
DERER INTO RE-
VEALING HIS
IDENTITY, I
SAID I KNEW
WHO HE WAS!
IN REALTY THE
ONLY EVIDENCE I
HAD WAS THE
BROKEN BUCKLE!



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J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 27 years
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.

I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." **JOHN JERRY, 1337 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado.**

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"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased. I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field." **ARLIE J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.**



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"I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N. R. I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

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